

# The Critic

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### Literature

#### Madison's First Administration\*

ONE CANNOT but express admiration for the enthusiasm of undaunted scholarship which carries Professor Adams through the period perhaps most neglected by American historians. Freshness of materials and treatment are evident in every volume of his admirable series. His sixth instalment introduces President Madison 'dressed in a full suit of cloth of American manufacture,' and taking his oath of office before a crowd of ten thousand people. He shows this quiet man as 'a dangerous enemy gifted with a quality of persistence singularly sure in its results.' He clearly proves Gallatin to have been the ablest of the President's executive advisers. With unusual fulness the author deals with American diplomacy in Europe, and the difficulty the envoys of the United States had in treating with Napoleon, whose 'motives and policy shifted as circumstances changed,' and who, among second-rate interests, 'lost more habitually than ever the thread of his own labyrinth.' The petty ideas of inferior politicians who imagined themselves statesmen, when urging the practical abolition of army and navy and when making war against Gallatin's efforts to preserve the national credit and power, seem now incredible, as the historian relentlessly drags out the facts and records. In every sea, the American flag seems to have been insulted; it was respected by none of the European belligerents, while American politics and society seemed drifting into chaos.

Vol. II. takes us more into the open field, and we stand on the decks of the Little Belt and the frigate President, finding it hard to tell on which side the lies are; though of the power of the American broadsides there is no doubt. With Tecumthe, as Professor Adams writes his name, we come to Tippecanoe. But when we read about that famous 'battle and victory,' we exclaim, 'Shade of Harrison, where are they?' Theme of many a song, story, poem and political speech, this mighty 'vic'ory' of Tippecanoe vanishes into thin air. To our boyish recollections, fed on miniature stone-ware cabins with a glazed raccoon astride the roof-ridge, Professor Adams seems positively cruel in his remorseless iconoclasm. Really it seems as if the subsequent newspaper battle with its deluge of ink was the main one. It turns out to have been an attack of the Indians on Harrison's troops, which was barely repulsed. The Fourth Regiment more than hinted that had it not been for their steadiness, the whole party would have been massacred. The sarcasm on page 107 reminds us of the way in which we have seen sheet steel and bar iron sawed into sparks at the iron foundries. After the war debates, and 'Madison as Minerva,' we have the disgraceful story of the war. Conducted on land by old and inexperienced generals, the military operations were the most wretched failures. Hull's surrender of Detroit caused the greatest loss of territory that ever before or since befell the United States. The naval campaign of 1812 is brilliantly narrated, and the tale

\* The First Administration of James Madison. Vols. I. and II. By Henry Adams. (History of the United States. Vols. V. and VI.) \$4. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

is well told of the marvellous gunnery of the Americans which surprised the world. Taken all in all, the War of 1812 'was one of the funniest wars ever known. It was violently and systematically opposed by a large section of the country. The majority of the people practically knew nothing about it. The army on whom all reliance had been placed was occupied chiefly in surrendering or running away, while the navy, which had preserved a fragment of itself in the teeth of hostile politicians who threatened it with the auctioneer's hammer, braved the mightiest naval power on earth, and in two years carried off more British flags than England lost by her European rivals in a century. Little as the author meant it, as a comic story his second volume has afforded us more fun than a critic usually gets out of solemn history. We suspect that Mr. Adams himself must have enjoyed many a grin over the satires of events, as well as over the infirmities of the men whose human nature he so relentlessly puts under the magnifying-glass for our delectation. We may add that an index is furnished with Vol. II. (Vol. VI. of the series) and that the whole work will be completed by Vols. VII., VIII. and IX. now in press, the final volume containing an analytical index to the entire library.

#### "The Jew"\*

THE STORY OF 'THE JEW' introduces to our public, Joseph Ignatius Kraszewski, one of Poland's most illustrious men—at once poet, dramatist and historian, archæologist, publicist and the author of no less than three hundred volumes. Born in 1812, he took active part in the struggles of his unhappy country, became involved in the revolution of 1863 and died in exile in 1887. He was buried however at Cracow, with imposing ceremony and pomp, and the honors due to a patriot and friend of the people. By many, the novel of 'The Jew' is considered his literary masterpiece. Opening in the year 1860, it deals with the political situation and events leading to the insurrection, some of the scenes of which are literally reproduced. The chief emphasis, however, the 'high light' of the picture, as it were, is thrown upon the Jewish element—the status, social, political and religious, of this special people, and their relations with the people among whom they dwell. And in this regard, the novel makes a curious and not altogether pleasing impression. The author apparently sympathizes with the Jews, of whose peculiar customs and traditions he has an intimate knowledge; he writes with the evident purpose of serving and helping them, if he can, and shows an earnest appreciation of their tragic history and disabilities, their rich birthright and inheritance, and their spiritual possibilities. The hero whom he portrays is an ideal type, with lofty sentiments and disinterested aims, consecrated to the redemption and regeneration of his race, whom he would lift from the sordid materialism and skepticism in which they are imbedded, and set once more upon the pathway of true progress and light. But while the corrupt society around him is drawn with a certain vigor and reality, the hero is a man of straw, propped up by high-sounding phrases and abstractions, unsubstantial and de-vitalized formulae.

To combat the evil powers that be—the unalloyed selfishness and cynicism he meets, the open disavowal of any but worldly motives and principles—he has only the shadows and echoes of the past, the watchwords that have lost the true ring, because they carry the letter, but the spirit no longer. He pins his faith on tradition, pious custom and observance, thinking that because these have departed, all that man holds sacred must necessarily depart, and, should these be restored, life will be sanctified anew. 'There is nothing more sad,' he says, 'than to see men who have overthrown tradition and who have no other hope or aim but material prosperity. . . . The Christian who has ceased to be a Christian, the Jew who rejects Moses, have for

\* The Jew. Translated from the Polish of Joseph Ignatius Kraszewski, by Linda da Kowalewska. \$1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

a horizon only an earthly life consecrated to the satisfaction of their passions. . . . Extreme religious ardor produced horrible results; who knows if the complete absence of belief will not be more pernicious still for humanity? And how may such ills be averted, and true belief preserved for mankind? By going back to the code and creed of Moses and conforming to the ordinances therein prescribed. 'Man finds in Mosaism,' he tells us, 'an intellectual nourishment sufficient for his reason.' It is scarcely to be wondered at that statements and appeals such as these did not greatly move his unworthy co-religionists, among whom the bigoted looked upon him as an atheist, and the indifferent as a fanatic, and in either case placed no confidence in him. Therefore his action was rendered null and void, being inconsequent and inadequate as his speech, so that he found himself alone in politics as well as religion. In order to fortify and re-inforce himself to meet the living issues of the times, and amalgamate the interests of his people with their country's interests, he shuts himself up to study the Talmud and the Bible, and endeavors to influence the young men by regaling them with the history of Akiba. The revolution breaks out, and, without having made himself a power on either side, or succeeded in reconciling any antagonisms, he has, nevertheless, managed to entangle himself sufficiently to be shot and wounded and obliged to escape by flight. The romantic dénouement of the novel is singular enough. The heroine, opportunely released by divorce from an unhappy marriage, on account of which she has languished throughout the story, follows and marries him, and the two console themselves with love and life in Italy, away from their distracted country.

It is difficult, perhaps, for us in America to do full justice to types so foreign to us, and so differently conditioned. But still more difficult is it to say the right word and strike the true note of reform which Christians, more than Jews, need to hear, in view of the monstrous spectre of persecution which is again casting its shadow over the earth. Whatever the ignominy, the obloquy of the position of the Jews in the countries where they are persecuted, and whatever form that persecution takes, whether of race-prejudice, social, political, ecclesiastical or economic animosity, or the conflict of greed against greed—the moral responsibility of the situation falls upon the Christians, who, by their cruelty and contempt, have done much to make the Jews what they are. The solution of that dark problem still rests in the darkness.

But for those of us who live in an enlightened country it may be possible to point to a suggestion which either or both sides may apply. Surely the world does not move backward, nor has it travelled away from the central sun which gives light and warmth to mankind. When tradition falls away, it is because tradition does not contain the life or vital essence: that must be sought elsewhere than in externals, which have ceased to be the appropriate and spontaneous expression of the religious life. But it is precisely these outward signs and badges that men cling to, because the truth is thereby labelled as their own, and not their neighbors'. And it is just here that religion becomes a dividing-line rather than a solvent, setting men apart as aliens who should be brothers, and thus rendering possible all manner of egotism, hatred and persecution, in the very name and under the wing of the Church. Such things would cease to be if men were really brothers in any true, deep sense—that is to say, in heart and soul, and in the inner, higher life. Religion would no longer be a barrier and limitation, but the open channel of the truth, flowing ever freshly through the world, as free as air, and all-conquering as the sunlight. What a glorious mission for Israel once more to proclaim the Unity of the Godhead—of the divine, creative force, wherever and however revealed, of the spirit and truth made manifest, whether in the life and teachings of Moses, of Christ, or of any of the illumined souls who have trod the earth. Once again might Judaism offer to the world a Messiah—this time a consecrated race, through whom the di-

vine, universal humanity should be made incarnate and 'at one.'

#### English National Biography\*

SINCE OUR last notice of this great biographical enterprise was printed, three additional volumes have made their appearance. They carry the list of names forward to Harriott, and of the volumes they complete an even two dozen. The name Harriott approaches the half-way point in most dictionaries of biography and in most encyclopædias the letters 'Har' reach almost to the centre of the journey. A comparison with some other biographical work, Appleton's for example, would indicate that two or three volumes more must come ere the top of the hill is actually reached. Hence, we may look for about 55 volumes in all, or more than twice the number needed for 'The Encyclopedia Britannica,' and more than thrice the number that compose 'The American Cyclopædia.' With such order and promptness have these twenty-four volumes come forth, that we may assume the same regularity will occur in the appearance of the others. Thus far six years have been consumed, so that seven additional years, under the same excellent management, ought to see the enterprise brought to a triumphant close. When that is done, it will be proper to record the achievement as the most impressive of its kind ever accomplished by the sons of men.

Vol. XXII.—one of the three now to be noticed—contains as its greatest literary name the name of Goldsmith, whose career is outlined by Mr. Stephen. Most literary men from the start have been looked after by Mr. Stephen. He also writes for this volume the sketches of Godwin and Godwin's wife, the gifted and unfortunate Mary Wollstonecraft. It was doubtless the literary associations of the subject that induced Mr. Stephen to take Mrs. Godolphin in hand and, having done her, he naturally proceeded to write the sketch of her husband, who was in nothing literary, but in almost all things political and financial. John Evelyn wrote a life of this woman which is a classic, and thus we can see the literary cord that bound the editor to the theme. John Gower is another literary name, but this falls to the hands of Mr. Lee, the able collaborator of Mr. Stephen, whose name in these three volumes appears on the title-page for the first time. Great British families which take up large space are those of Gordon and Graham. The former fills 79 pages with the story of its deeds, and the latter 52. Among these Gordons figures the hero of Khartoum, as does also the hero of those stirring riots which gave Dickens his theme; of the latter Gordon, Mr. Stephen writes, and here again we see how literature attracted him to a name not in itself literary. Montrose has his place among the Grahams, and so has Claverhouse, the hero of Killiecrankie. Another James Graham besides Montrose is here in James Graham, the quack doctor.

In Vol. XXIII. the first names are those of the Grays, among whom is the poet, the sketch of him, as was to be expected, being signed 'L. S.' Of these Grays there are names enough to fill 23 pages. Of those other men of this name, who wrote Grey instead of Gray, we find 48 pages full. George Grote is another literary name and still another is his wife. Greville and Grenville are other names not unknown to literature for the memoirs these men wrote. Possessing this volume, one need no longer stand confused as to who were the Grenvilles that wrote memoirs and who the Grevvilles. Another celebrity, in a literary sense, who finds place here is Eleanor Gwyn.

In Vol. XXIV. we meet with the Hamiltons, who were Irishmen and Scotchmen as well as Englishmen. They fill 105 pages. Soldier Hamiltons are here, as well as the mathematician Hamilton, the single-speech Hamilton, and that female Hamilton, born a Lyon, and mother of a Nelson,

\* Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vols. XXII., XXIII. and XXIV. (Glover to Harriott.) \$3.25 per vol. New York: Macmillan & Co.



who belongs to literature in the same sense that her great prototype Nell Gwynne belongs to it. Hall is a name requiring large space—forty-two pages. One of them is that Dr. John Hall who married the poet Shakespeare's daughter and was executor of the bard's last will and testament. So also do we find here the John Hall who was hanged at Tyburn. Other eminent names are Harley and Hampden, the famous statesmen; Handel the composer; Hargreaves the inventor; and Hardicanute and Harold, the kings. Archdeacon Hare has his place, and so has his memoir of Sterling; but the fact that this memoir so displeased Carlyle that he wrote a new one, is overlooked. We find a sketch of the murdered and heroic Bishop Hannington, but no reference to his pathetic diary, although it ranks now among published books.

#### Akbar and Clive\*

AMONG BOOKS relating to India we note as of special interest the Life of Akbar, by Col. G. B. Malleson (†). Grandson of the great Afghan conqueror Bába, he was the organizer of the Mogul Empire and imposed upon India a dynasty, which, had its successive sovereigns pursued the wise and tolerant example of their ancestor, might well have lasted in vigorous strength until the inevitable contest with the Anglo Saxon. The closing chapter is, as the author remarks in his preface, the most interesting portion of the book—although every page has something to recommend it. In this summary of Akbar's 'principles and administration' we see a Mussulman who had the virtue of tolerance as firmly rooted in his character as it was in the soul of Roger Williams. Surrounded as Akbar was by bigoted Mohammedan doctors preaching forever the frightful doom which awaited the infidels of India, he at length emancipated himself from their influence and extended not only clemency but perfect toleration to his Indian subjects; there was to be no persecution, no ostracism for religious belief or disbelief; and besides this great privilege of freedom of conscience the Indian princes were given, when deserving, positions of confidence and honor, and admitted to the intimate councils of the sovereign. How can a man, said Akbar, be certain that he is himself right and that other men are wrong? In the famous hall built for the purpose, discussions were carried on between Mussulmen and Brahmans, Buddhists, Christians and Parsees, Jews and Hindoo materialists. These debates were often marked by strong feeling, but the Emperor with serene judgment and impartiality quelled the tendencies to excess and administered rebukes to the most zealous. Akbar endeavored, with little success, to abolish the custom of *suttee*, he removed the tax levied upon pilgrims and lessened the exactions of the farmers of the revenue—in a word, he displayed in India a moderation and a greatness of zeal which even his European contemporaries, Elizabeth and Henry IV., might have been proud to possess.

After 1739 the great empire which Bábar had founded, and which had grown magnificent and imposing under Akbar, Shah Jahán and Aurungzebe, lost its vitality. The warring heirs at each new demise of the crown, the growing strength of the Mahrattas and the final plunder of Delhi by Nadir Shah left the empire enfeebled and the prey of any one strong enough to seize it. The provinces formerly so submissive became independent, intrigue and lawlessness prevailed, a hundred states fought for the hegemony, and with each new shock in arms the power of resistance to any well disciplined and directed force grew weaker and weaker. Meanwhile the French and English had founded factories and were striving—each of them with servile adulation of the Indian princes—to obtain superior advantages in the rich Indian trade. At a critical moment in the European relations of England and France, and when the Carnatic and the Deccan were convulsed by dynastic wars, Robert Clive landed at Madras to take up his duties as a 'writer' in the East India Company's service. The details of his life are famil-

iar, but the present sketch by Sir Charles Wilson (‡) is one of the best of the English Men of Action Series, and discusses with impartiality and vigor the whole history of his Indian conquests and administration.

#### Woodberry's "Studies in Letters and Life"\*

THE JUDGMENT of thoughtful, cultivated men on matters of moment is always a welcome exhibition of the only form of Delphic utterance that now exists. When this is expressed, too, in a calm, graceful, dispassionate way, without the Delphic writhing and with excellent good breeding, it fairly reconciles one to oracles in high places, and teaches one fresh reverence for literature as a fine art. Lately we have had so many 'young-eyed cherubim' rushing into print with their crude opinions, that the ripe words of a man-of-letters, well considered and poetically expressed, appear doubly refreshing, more particularly when these words attack contemporary problems and describe them in an original way.

Readers of *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Nation* have habituated themselves to look for quiet corners in those journals where such topics are discussed from time to time in a lucid, illuminating manner, without knowing or caring much who the *illuminatus* was. The volume before us removes the modest anonymity from many of these articles, however, and reveals to us the poet of 'The North Shore Watch' as their author. The lives and deaths and centenaries of poets and scientists are therein luminously treated as matters of vivid literary interest—Darwin's life no less than Browning's death forming an occasion for stimulating and suggestive study. Mr. Woodberry's judgments are eminently sane. To him as to the general public Darwin's nature had a profoundly negative side: it was entirely wanting in spirituality; and Browning's physical death is but a type of the death that all that he has written must die except those poems resplendent with some inner picture or undying emotion. Like Jonson and Dryden, he was a poet in whom masculine intellect—mind—predominated; and such poets of mentality as surely perish as air-plants that feed on passing breezes. As for Byron, he was a 'force,' an originator of world-wide affectations and Wertherisms, but none of him or of his works receives the meed of perfect praise. With Keats it was different: he had in him the seeds of growing and immortal beauty, though in clinging to the Elizabethans he resembled the golden-hued, many-colored lichens that cling to ancient trees and dye themselves through and through with parasitic hues. Ultimately he might have grown into the noblest of Victorian dramatists and revived in England the lost art of writing a living play. Greek art has great delightfulness and charm to Mr. Woodberry, and he discusses it and Italian æstheticism with a thorough understanding that shows he has studied originals as well as Pater and Symonds. It is an excellent dictum on Italian art and literary work in general to say that their whole bent was *visualization*—spectacular, tangible, from that great spectacular organism, the Italian Church, to Dante's terrible visualization in allegory of the moral life.

#### "The Faith of a Realist"†

THE AUTHOR of 'Sketches of Celibate Worthies' and the biography of Bunyan, Mr. James Copner, has written a new work, entitled 'The Faith of a Realist.' Though nominally a book on philosophy, it is in reality a most practical work, written with a particular purpose. In most of the churches, religious establishments and denominations, there is an increasingly large number of ministers and laymen who outwardly hold to their vows and professions, but do not believe in the traditions which constitute 'orthodoxy.' It is to assist such persons in their dilemma that Mr. Copner enters into a discussion, in eight chapters, of the faith of a realist. In his first chapter he argues for the reality of

\* 1. Akbar. By Col. G. B. Malleson. (Rulers of India.) 2. Clive. By Sir Charles Wilson. (English Men of Action.) 60 cts. each. New York: Macmillan & Co.

\* Studies in Letters and Life. By G. E. Woodberry. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† The Faith of a Realist. By James Copner. London: Williams & Norgate

the physical world; in his second, he discusses ably the relations of philosophy to science. In the other chapters, 'God and Providence,' 'Good in Things Evil,' 'The Reign of Law,' 'The Divine Attributes,' 'De Anima,' he handles religious and other problems, and comes to his main point in the essay headed 'Philosophical Religion.' The tenor of his teachings is that man's vision of the truth is constantly enlarging, and that it is impossible to formulate in the language of one generation of men the conceptions of a later succession of thoughtful men. With the advance of learning, science, and the expansion of the human mind, the old formulæ which once expressed the *credos* of Christian believers appear insufficient or erroneous to minds influenced by the philosophy of later ages. Religion is a relative thing, varying in accordance with the knowledge and intelligence of its professors. The sage, the simpleton, and the converted Hottentot, though holding a faith which is the same in name, yet hold divergent views which are as different as light and darkness. The faith of the thoughtful person is a reasonable and reasoned-out belief, whereas the faith of the other may be no better than a pitiful credulity. No perfect faith is to be found. Amid the flux and change of human conception of things infinite, a clergyman is surely not justified in leaving his work and his calling to minister to souls. No! let him remain in his office. Wycliffe could not accept many of the things taught by the Church, yet he lived and died in her communion. In a word, this little book of three hundred and fifty-one pages may be a helpful guide and finger-post on a road which many are travelling, and perhaps even now halting at the parting of the ways. The author is thoroughly read in the Bible as well as steeped in modern thought. His argument is reasonable, and may appear to the philosophic mind wholly acceptable. A strong plea is made for Biblical criticism. The literary style is luminous, the language well chosen and singularly free from technicalities, and the print is large and easy to the eye. Men of thought will enjoy the book.

#### "Our Dictionaries"\*

THE MOST noteworthy fact about this little volume, apart from its valuable reproductions of the title-pages of old dictionaries, is the fearless way in which its author 'pitches into' Murray's great Philological Society's Dictionary. Mr. Williams has a crow to pick with the compilers of this mighty work on the subject of the verification of its 3,500,000 quotations, the loose way in which books have been assigned to Tom, Dick, and Harry, to be read for citation, and the miscellaneous and highly promiscuous result thence ensuing. This is an exceedingly important matter; and not less so is the author's polemic drawing attention to the unsystematic and accidental way in which scientific specialists have been associated as collaborators in the technical part of this work. Such defects of method in the making of any one of our great American dictionaries, he truly says, would be regarded here with astonishment. 'If a great amount of serious error does not stalk into the "New English Dictionary" through such processes of editing, then it will be the most wonderful product of exclusive intelligence that ever got into print.' Having sounded this note of alarm, Mr. Williams goes on to doubt whether the Murray Dictionary is founded on true 'historic principles' at all, and compares its incongruities with the methodical processes of French genius. Matthew Arnold, indeed, thought scorn of English reference-books in general, and Mr. Williams in this connection does not hesitate to lay sacrilegious hand on 'The Encyclopedia Britannica' itself, which he excoriates as extremely defective and pretentious.

Mr. Williams's own account of English dictionaries, however, is extremely defective, too. 'The Growth of our Dictionaries' is the title of a book which omits the very foundation works of English lexicography, such as the

'Catholicon Anglicum,' the 'Promptorium Parvulorum,' and the 'Manipulus,' (the latter excessively important for Elizabethan pronunciation, since it marks the pronunciation of words for the year 1570). But Mr. Williams's object is apparently literary and not didactic, and his book is full of entertaining matter touching on Americanisms, misuse of words here and in England, and the like. The student has only to study Wright's or Halliwell's Provincial English Dictionaries to have nearly all our so-called 'Yankeeisms' explained, such as (right) *smart* for 'considerable' (a Wiltshire pronunciation); *shet* (for 'shut,' a favorite with Chaucer and Wiclif, no less than with the Southern Negro); *skip out* (for 'run away,' gravely used by Wiclif of Paul and Barnabas); *scrimption*, a local Virginianism imported from Scotland; *tote* (still used in Yorkshire in the sense of 'carry'); and dozens of others. Chaucer 'guessed' hundreds of years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and Spenser 'chaw'-ed long before the guileless schoolboy; while 'rare' beef and 'fall' of the year were familiar to Dryden if not to his descendants.

#### Theological Literature

NATURALLY JEALOUS of the secular spirit's invading the domains of sacred learning, and like a good clerk who would guard the sanctuary, the Rev. Dr. E. Cowley has written a little book on 'The Writers of Genesis,' and related topics illustrating divine revelation. The tone of the rather militant preface prepares, we might say provokes, one to 'put difference'—as the quaint Biblical phrase has it—between zeal and scholarship, or the pulpit and the study, where the cool-headed critic would fain discover no hard and fast line of demarcation. Dr. Cowley pleads forcibly, and in the main justly, that the preacher or the man of God who meditates upon the revealed Word, and becomes skillful in teaching the mysteries of the religion of the Bible, is more likely to get at the truth and see it in its right proportion than the mere critic or student of its literal form. He finds fault with the 'negative' criticism of the day, and warmly exhorts even Prof. Green of Princeton, as well as Dr. Driver and Profs. Briggs and Harper, not to yield to its seductive and dangerous influence and methods. When, however, we scan Dr. Cowley's pages, we find him actually outdoing the 'higher critics,' and practically asking the reader to exchange the results of Cheyne and his fellows for those of Cowley. He shows himself a wide reader, quoting alike from George Smith and Sayce, with their translations of documents of Abraham's time, and from Jackson's concise 'Dictionary of Religious Knowledge' issued but yesterday. While useful as a corrective of some of the wild conjecture that is indulged in under the name of scholarship, the logic on which many of the author's points are based is as uncertain as that on which he flings his own scorn. The book is journalistic rather than learned. (\$1. Thomas Whittaker.)

'THE CHURCH: HER MINISTRY AND SACRAMENTS' is the title of a volume of irenics which will prove of real service to those Christians who are sincere in their desire for substantial unity. Though Presbyterian by name and classification, it is evident that the author, the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Van Dyke of Brooklyn, belongs to the Holy Catholic Church. He is a high-churchman in the sense of holding lofty views of the divine origin, mission, and ultimate form of the Church of Jesus Christ, but he is certainly very broad in his sympathies with all who seek to worship the Father in spirit and in truth. The seven lectures treat of the Holy Catholic Church, the Kingdom of Christ, the unity of the visible church, the church membership of infants, ordination to the ministry, the Lord's Supper, and the administration of the sacraments. The searching of Scripture, of the Westminster symbols, and of the writings of modern, mediæval and ancient scholars, is very thorough. One is helped to see clearly how real is the internal and how feasible seems the external unity of Christendom. What is divisive and sectarian is of secondary or recent growth, while the essentials of the faith are shown to be ancient. While sure to offend those who claim the Presbyterian system of church government to be divinely ordained, the author will, if a critic dare prophesy, convince many of those who have been reared in other folds whose construction is claimed to be divine. On every page is visible the writer's desire to find that golden mean, that firm middle way, which, with Bacon in the West and Confucius in the East, has ever attracted the thoughtful. Of the 264 pages, 222 consist of text, and 36 of notes which are as rich and meaty as November nuts. A good index is added. (\$1.50. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.)

\* Our Dictionaries, and Other Language Topics. By R. O. Williams. \$1.25. New York: Henry Holt & Co.



THERE ARE SOME books which are as sure indexes of the change in the theological climate as are glacial striae in New Jersey, or fossil ferns in Greenland. Certain handbooks of alleged or real discrepancies in the Holy Scriptures, made a generation or two back, are noticeably different from those which command respect at the present day. We are led to these reflections on reading the second volume, or series, of Mr. Robert Tuck's 'Handbook of Biblical Difficulties.' He offers 'facts and suggestions helpful toward the solution of perplexing things in sacred scripture.' In quite different tone from similar works we have seen is the author's hearty acceptance of the verdicts of physical science, and the methods and conclusions of critical students of the Word. His own plan of procedure is first to select the various texts or paragraphs which provoke questions and interpretations apparently at variance with the spirit or letter of the main body of Scripture, or do not comport with orthodox tradition, state the question, and then to attempt a solution. Having read widely in the works of commentators and interpreters, especially of the modern school, he gives the results of his reading, usually adding his own acute, learned and often ingenious explanations. He is particularly cautious in getting hold of the real sense of the original text, which frequently minimizes or disposes of the apparent discrepancy or difficulty. In his preface and introduction he shows that the comparatively modern idea of verbal inspiration must be abandoned in the light of facts, and that a more free as well as reverent handling of the Scripture text enables one to bear more easily what, under the teaching of bibliolatry, would cause estrangement in the minds of devout readers of those writings which contain the word of God. In a word, the fact that the Bible has a human as well as a divine history is fully recognized. The difficulties treated are ranged under the general headings of scientific and literary; with subdivisions of ancient history, science, religion, theology and the use of languages. There is a topical index and table of Scripture passages illustrated or explained. While it may be said of the broad-minded student who treats the Holy Scriptures as fairly as he would treat any ancient document in secular literature, that no such handbook as that of Mr. Tuck's is needed, yet the religious teacher who has to meet the thoughts of average men will find this work a mint of useful information ready to be circulated. (\$2.50. Thos. Whittaker.)

#### Recent Fiction

'DEAR DAUGHTER DOROTHY,' by A. G. Plympton, narrates the sunshiny course through babyhood to the early maturity of eight years of age, of a charming little girl, the 'Co.' of 'Thorpe & Co.,' so dubbed in consequence of the close intimacy existing between herself and her widowed father, whose only hope she was. There are some passages in this modest little volume that awaken very tender sentiment in the reader's heart, and it is written in simple and unaffected English. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)—'AGAINST HEAVY ODDS,' by Prof. H. H. Boyesen, is another one of those stories of northern latitudes which the author so well knows how to infuse with the crisp freshness and superabundant vitality that make his books captivating to the young. Older readers, as well, will follow with keen sympathy the career of the brave and clever lad Ingomar Vang, in his successful attempt to lift up the fallen fortunes of his father's house, in the little town of Vardoe within the Arctic Circle. (\$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.)—'ANOTHER FLOCK OF GIRLS,' by Nora Perry, is full of school-girl chatter, sentiment, rivalries and rewards, the five short stories which it contains being told with the customary spirit and sympathy with her audience of this always acceptable writer for the young. 'Sally Green's Clam-Bake Party,' describing Miss Sally's victory over her own obstinate predisposition in favor of a 'swell' dance with string orchestra and cotillion favors, and the triumph of an out-door feast of the old-fashioned Rhode Island pattern, is a lesson for the times. (\$1.75. Little, Brown & Co.)

IN 'EASTWARD; or, A Buddhist Lover,' the scene is laid 'down East' in Yankee-land. Two or three youths from Ceylon are attending a New England school, near which is a young ladies' seminary. One of the girls and a Cingalese plan an elopement. The principal of the seminary discovers the plot, after having exercised her prerogative of opening the young lady's trunk, with the intent, not of ferreting out lovers, but of learning the new scholar's character. A telegram to the erring damsel's father nips the scheme in the bud. The authorities of the young man's school, in order to neutralize the nefarious influence of the American damsels and keep the Cingalese within the straight and narrow path which leads to the work of the missionary and propagandist, concoct a new scheme. This is to have Cingalese maidens imported into the United States, in order that the lads

from Ceylon may fall in love with them, and thus the missionary purpose be reinforced. The Cingalese girl who comes to Yankee-land perversely falls in love with an American! Near by, also, is a farmer named Whitney, who, having a long-standing grudge against the church for a seeming slight, will have no more to do with local Christianity, and allows his daughter, Faith, to grow up as a child of nature. She, with her marvellous 'astral' (or second) sight, sees the Cingalese youth drowning, and, rushing to the lake, resuscitates him by breathing in his nostrils; she also has a vision of the young man's mother in India. Going off to be a school-teacher in Teeter Hollow, she is shocked and horrified at the scenes at the revival meeting. Gerald Livingston, who is a theological student, and about to become a missionary, visits the place with a Cingalese friend, and proposes to Faith Whitney. She refuses him and goes off to Ischia, where she experiences the earthquake, while Gerald Livingston has his eyes opened and reaches the higher levels of the spirit life by becoming somewhat of a Buddhist. Faith Whitney and Gerald Livingston are married on the last page, their hands being joined together by the dying Kyn-Dhwen, the Cingalese, who turns up at Ischia. The book is full of dry and stupid details, and the characters bear as much relation to the flesh-and-blood realities in Ceylon and New England as a barn-door sketch bears to an artist's painting. The author—apparently a school-girl or recent graduate—wisely withholds her name. (\$1.50. J. G. Cupples Co.)

IT IS NOT to be wondered at that the publishers have seen fit to reclaim within permanent bounds the wandering feet of Miss Grace Denio Litchfield's dream-children, in the shape of short stories that have for some years past been straying about in English and American magazines. As they now appear, a more pleasant-faced, sweet-voiced, wholesome group it would be hard to find. 'Little Venice,' 'Selina's Singular Marriage,' 'Myrtle,' 'One Chapter,' 'An American Flirtation,' 'La Rochefoucauld's Saying,' 'Hilary's Husband,' and 'The Price I Paid for a Set of Ruskin,' may here be found by the friends already made, and moreover will win welcome in the circles unvisited. (75 cts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—REMEMBERING the former excellent teachings of that lay preacher behind a sewing-machine, the 'Miss Fitts' of Miss Elizabeth Glover, we turn over the leaves of 'Family Manners,' with no sense of disappointment. It is to be wished that 'Talks from Miss Fitts' could be made to supersede in fashionable circles some of the innumerable courses of lectures which seem, of late years, to have exhausted all of the subjects that do not touch upon the question of household ethics as applied to every day. (30 cts. T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

THE AUSTRALIAN ROMANCER who signs himself Rolf Boldrewood is a characteristic product of his continent. He requires plenty of space to canter about in, an unlimited indulgence in the reader for his constant tendency to diverge from the main path of his narrative, or to proceed, like one of his own high-mettled chargers, sideways or backwards. Anything will do to start a digression; he shys, so to speak, at every new thought that turns up. But when once he is off on an exciting series of adventures he makes excellent time; there is no pause until he gets to the end. The opening chapters of 'The Miner's Right' remind one forcibly of those mammoth Australian newspapers which supply as much reading-matter as two or three of our Sunday editions. There is a plethora of incident, observation, reflection, leading apparently to nothing. But from the moment when Harry Pole and the Major leave their contested claim on the Liberator lead, to join in the 'rush' to the Oxley, the story proceeds with a dash and spirit not easily to be matched. The filling-up of the new gold fields with some thirty or forty thousand miners from every quarter of the globe; the robbery of the mail-coach conveying the gold to Sydney; the affray with the claim-jumpers; the Chinese invasion; Radetsky's revolt; the repulse of the Chinamen, and many another wild adventure keeps the reader on the *qui vive*, and has the effect of a powerful mental tonic. When he lays down the book he is aware that he has become possessed of new ideas, impressions, views of life, and that he has acquired a keen appetite for more of the same sort. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

PAUL HERVIEU'S 'Flirt' is, in its main outlines, of the stream of Parisian romances which has been running from the press now for a century or so, and shows no sign, as yet, of failure or of change. That a type of fiction so persistent must correspond to something of importance in the society which it depicts it is impossible to doubt, and we can only hope that the next revolution that the lively Gaul indulges in may sweep that and the art which results from it out of existence. The art, however, is very nearly at its best in

'Flirt.' The author observes accurately, analyzes keenly, preserves a judicious composure in all his situations, writes evidently from the love of writing, and not from any particular liking of his commonplace subject. That he can paint better characters than most of those in his book is evident from his treatment of the two American women introduced in it, who understand what is going on among their friends just well enough to keep out of it. The translation by Hugh Craig is sometimes very good, sometimes very bad. The French illustrations and American press-work are excellent. (\$1.25. Worthington Co.)

ROLAND MONTFRANCHET, in M. Albert Delpit's novel, 'As 'tis in Life,' is a study of a character, originally good, which allows itself to be overborne by adverse circumstances and opportunity. After his father's failure and death, he gains and loses several situations, all of them beneath his expectations and abilities. At last, he becomes business man to a Russian lady who has estates in the Territories of the United States, of which she desires to dispose. She is a morphinomaniac, and violent when under the influence of the drug. She attacks her female attendant, in protecting whom Roland uses a little too much force and becomes the cause of Mme. Readish's death. At the same time a party of cowboys attack the log-house in which they are staying. They wound Roland, who, on his recovery, finds that they have failed to discover a large sum of money in notes which the dead woman carried on her person. He takes possession of it, and thus become thief and murderer, but rich, returns to Europe. He marries the daughter of the woman that he killed; another man is punished for his crime; he experiences no remorse, is successful and respected, and at the end, escapes all possible consequences by committing suicide. This rather lurid story is well translated by E. P. Robins, and is handsomely printed, with the French illustrations and a neat cloth cover. (\$1.50. Welch, Fracker Co.)

IT BEING unnecessary to speak of Mr. Rider Haggard's shortcomings as a writer, which are known, we suppose, to most of his readers, we may say of his 'Beatrice' that it has some of the elements of a good novel—adventure, plot and sufficient, though quite elementary, setting-forth of character. Beatrice is the daughter of a discontented country parson, who would have been much happier had he been bred a farmer like his father before him. She is the only one of the family who has risen to their new station and has ambitions beyond it. She takes Geoffrey Bingham into her boat in a fog, and they are both nearly drowned in the storm that comes up before they can reach shore. Afterwards, disgusted with her surroundings and with the man proposed for her husband, she goes to Bingham for advice and assistance. He is a married man, and her friends put the worst construction on her escapade, finally driving her to despair and suicide. There are many strong situations not marred by any great extravagance, except of diction. But Mr. Haggard's notions of art are of the crudest. He does not know how to make the best of his materials. (75 cts. Harper & Bros.)

A RECENT NUMBER of Lovell's International Series, 'Lover and Friend,' by Rosa Nouchette Carey, narrates the inconvenient attachment of a young lady for a junior classical master in her father's school, when she might have been betrothed to either a wealthy cousin of lineage irreproachable, or a young gentleman with fifteen hundred a year, a father in Parliament, and no drawback other than a superfluity of adipose matter. When it comes out that not only was the classical master's immediate progenitor a very shady character, whose wife was forced to leave him and take another name, but that he was brother to a 'corn-chandler in a small retail way,' there is trouble extending through many pages. Cyril, the classical master, renouncing his bride, throws his life away in saving that of a drunken man before a railway train, and leaves the course clear for the wealthy cousin, who, it appears, was in spite of all his fair one's only love. In the last chapter, Michael, the cousin, is seen placing upon Audrey's hand a circlet of diamonds above the little ring of pearls she has worn since Cyril put it there, with the magnanimous observation: 'Dear Audrey, why should not my diamonds keep company with his pearls?' 'And as her eyes expressed her gratitude, he slipped the ring into its place.'—'QUITE ANOTHER STORY,' in the same series, is from the pen of Jean Ingelow. In the somewhat quaint verbiage of this author is told the love of young Andrew Capper, recently come into an unexpected estate, for his cousin Miss Daisy Smith, who has to be transformed from the heiress of ten thousand pounds a year into 'the Belmores' governess before Andrew's true feeling for her is known even to himself. There are some pretty scenes of home skirmishing between the young squire's brothers and himself, some excellent character-drawing of obstinately faithful English servants handed down with an estate, and

a dénouement as natural as it is satisfactory. (50 cts. each. U. S. Book Co.)

'ADRIPT: A Story of Niagara,' by Julia Ditto Young, seems to be named from an incident which occurs in the twenty-second chapter and occupies a page and a half. Two foolhardy young men attempt to cross the river above the falls, and are carried over. They are fished up alive, and their adventure brings to a happy end an unconscionable amount of drifting on the part of certain other characters in the novel. It is not badly written, and is inscribed to William Dean Howells. (\$1.25 J. B. Lippincott Co.)—'HERIOT'S CHOICE,' by Rosa Nouchette Carey, lies between his ward Polly, and her nurse and governess, Mildred. Being a sensible man he prefers the older and more suitable lady. Polly, of course, has in reserve a younger, and, for her, more suitable lover. Hence, everything turns out for the best. The book is a contrast to most current novels in that there is no wickedness and but little misery in it. The characters, especially of the children, Mildred's charges, are well drawn. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

MRS. C. H. STONE follows Mr. Bellamy in taking Time by the forelock, which, it seems, is just two centuries long. Remembering, it is to be presumed, the old saw about the making of ballads being preferable to the making of laws, she leaves the task of providing such institutions for the twenty-first century to Mr. Bellamy and his other imitators, and, for her part, contents herself with giving it a novel. 'One of Berrian's Novels' is a tale of the good time to come, when people will have nothing to fear but an excess of material comfort and of spiritual development. Fleur-de-Lys Standish, finding that her sentiograph does not write for her, knows that the tissues of her body are reverting to 'the abnormal density belonging to less developed stages of physical life.' She tries various twenty-first century nostrums to get rid of her lethargy, until it is finally discovered that it is a good, old-fashioned love-affair that she wants, and there being present an unregenerate, almost criminally old-fashioned young man, the remedy is applied, with the best results, after the disease has caused alarming complications. Mr. Bellamy should beware of his new disciple, who, if she goes on in this way, may demonstrate the necessity of denationalizing everything, and returning to primitive savagery—say in the twenty-second century. (\$1.25. Welch, Fracker Co.)

MRS. MARY B. CLAFLIN excels in the painting of *genre* pictures of rural New England life, and in her two books, 'Real Happenings' (30 cts.) and 'Brampton Sketches' (\$1.25), one intuitively lingers longest over the pages whereon are limned her efforts of narrowest scope. An old Yankee dame, prattling of by-gones, like 'Aunt Puah,' in the inimitable description of her sister Huldy's marriage with the minister; a pinched and weather-beaten old farmer climbing into his rusty chaise for a rare journey into Boston; the village doctor, or the village scant o' wit; the quiltings, soap-makings, funerals, all are touched with a delightful humor to glow on the contracted canvas. It was this skill in dealing with the minutiae of uneventful existence that has made Mrs. Gaskell's 'Crawford' outlive her more ambitious novels, and has given Miss Wilkins her enviable fame; and it is to be hoped that, having found her field, Mrs. Claflin will not be tempted to overstep its borders, in favor of the high-road of fiction along which jingle and whiz so many gaudy chariots of a day. (T. Y. Crowell & Co.)

'THE WINDS, THE WOODS AND THE WANDERER' is Mrs. Lily Wesselhoeft's very successful attempt to translate into graceful language the language of nature to a rightly listening ear. What the Moon and the West-wind whispered to a boy far from home and friends, is supplemented by comments from the Brook, the Birch Tree, the Old Rock, and the Evening Star. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)—'LITTLE MISS BOSTON,' familiarly known as 'Tid,' spent her earliest years in the custody of grim Marm Hitchens, a baby-farmer, who made of her an errand-girl at a very tender age. Lost in the wintry streets, the little girl forced her way into the cellar of a fine house in Beacon Street, and thence ascending to the sleeping-rooms, found for herself an unoccupied crib and went promptly to sleep in it, like Silver Hair in the dwelling of the Bears, and Tom, the chimney-sweep, in Kingsley's 'Water Babies.' Like them, too, finding kind friends, Miss Boston's troubles came to an end. The creator of this young lady is Mrs. H. A. Cheever. (\$1.25. Congregational S. S. and Pub. Society.)—'THE BISHOP'S BIBLE,' by David Christie Murray and Henry Hermann, will find an echo in the hearts of bibliomaniacs. The tale describes the scheme by which two London sharpers, expert alike in the arts of book-restoring and of trickery, took advantage of the trustful innocence of good Dr. Dennis Hay, Rector of Thor-



bury Church, to substitute an imitation for an original copy in vellum of the 'Treacle' Bible of 1568, so called because of the use of the word 'treacle' instead of 'balm' in the text, 'Is there no balm in Gilead.' The final restitution of the stolen property to its rightful place brings a sense of relief to the reader, who is entertained in the story's course by various love-passages, and studies of provincial character told in crisp and sprightly language. (20 cts. U. S. Book Co.)

'ASCUTNEY STREET,' by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, is full of the familiar mannerisms of the author. Jane Gregory, a young seamstress, working for a dollar and a quarter a day in the suburbs of Boston, loses her bonnet by a gust of wind when boarding a railway train, but through the amiability with which she meets the contretemps, acquires a suitor of high degree. And, to quote from the text itself, 'I could tell you a mere story in three paragraphs, or even Cæsarian phrases: "They met; they wooed; they married." But this would be fair neither to the creator of Jane Gregory nor to the numerous admirers of Mrs. Whitney's works. (\$1.50, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—MRS. BARR'S 'Household of McNeil,' while exhibiting the same versatility in dealing with character and scene displayed in her former works, pleases us less than some of its numerous predecessors. The melodramatic episode of Lady Maxwell's kidnapping and long seclusion from her family, the bald repulsiveness of her husband's second marriage and the confronting of the two wives in the ancestral hall to which each believes she has a legitimate claim, seems a waste of material in the hands of a well-established writer. An off-set to this blemish, is the admirable characterization of the Laird and the Dominie, and the sketches of landscape surrounding the Castle of McNeil, and bordering upon tempestuous Jura Sound. Mrs. Barr always contrives to let the 'salt savor creep into the blood' of her readers, when she wills to write about the sea. (\$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

'TWO MASTERS,' by B. M. Croker, is written in the first person, in the gay, racking style of many of its modern congeners of English origin. Miss Le Marchant, one of the 'big girls' of Mme. Prevost's boarding-school, has always been considered an ugly duckling, and as such is unwelcome in the æsthetic home of her paternal grandmother, a fashionable dame 'in the swim' of London high society. Dawning into sudden comeliness, she is 'introduced' by the lady in question, becomes engaged to be married to a wealthy old roué, runs away on the wedding-day, seeks her mother's friends in Ireland, and, while there, unravels the mystery hanging around the memory of her father, who turns up as a ticket-of-leave man, unjustly sentenced for a murder committed by a fellow-officer, long years ago. The complications and misconceptions of her conduct, brought about by her secret relations with her unfortunate parent and her attempt to serve two masters go so far as to separate Ellen (who has meantime married a very fine fellow, and become reconciled with her grandmamma), from the husband of her choice. There are months of estrangement and at last, Ellen, now through the death of her husband's uncle, my Lady Karslake, and Sir Gervase, who returns home fully convinced of hers and her father's innocence, are happily re-united. (50 cts. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

'PART OF THE PROPERTY,' by Beatrice Whitby, is the love episode of a young woman who tells her story for herself. Margaret Chamberlain, transferred at nineteen from the care of her governess to be the mistress of her grandfather's handsome establishment at Smeron, meets there her fate in the person of Jocelyn Carew, whom she has been brought up to dislike as the usurper of her grandfather's heart. The story ends with a direful tragedy, and the heroine, now a young lady of independent fortune, drives in her pony carriage to visit the grave of her beloved, returning home to a solitary cup of tea at five o'clock. (50 cts. D. Appleton & Co.)—'THE WORD AND THE WILL,' by James Payn (Lovell's International Series), has its origin in the quaint town of Natchell, the Scarborough of the west of England, which, 'if an American city, would be admirably adapted for a Mormon settlement.' The predominance of female population has conferred upon the place a neutral tint in which the sayings and doings of the miserly Squire Adderley are doubly conspicuous. This terrible old man, who looked like a mediæval saint and acted like Old Scratch upon a holiday, has two nieces, who at his death from vitriol thrown into his face by an enemy, inherit the fortune he had intended to leave away from them. The development of one of these girls, warped by jealousy of her sister's lover, into a character resembling that of her objectionable uncle, and her attempt to possess herself of more than her share of the inheritance, are the burden of the tale. (50 cts. U. S. Book Co.)

#### Minor Notices

'THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE TURF,' by Louis Henry Curzon, is a somewhat rambling chronicle of the Derby Day from its first institution, in 1780, down to the present time. The race was named after the Earl of Derby, but for a long time attracted very little attention except among the noblemen whose horses ran and the crowd of bad characters who made the course a rendezvous. It was not until about 1820 that it became a great popular holiday and began to draw all sorts of people by the hundred thousand. Cheap newspapers, railroads, and the growth of the neighboring metropolis have made it what it is—the great racing event of the world. Since that date, almost every Derby Day has been marked by some peculiar occurrence, some accident or suicide, the triumph of some 'dark horse,' the French entries of 1865, or the American of 'the American year,' 1881. We have a justificatory account of Mr. Walton's 'plunging' in the latter year; an essay on the rationale of 'book-making,' which, it appears, is a legitimate, though highly profitable business, chapters on 'Jockeys,' and 'Trainers,' and 'Tattersall's.' The author does not maintain that all is perfectly innocent at the races, but the examples which he adduces of dishonest dealing do not appear very heinous, and leave the impression that he has been unwilling to paint the national holiday as it is. The other great races, the St. Leger and the Oaks, are also noticed, and, as a frontispiece, there is a portrait of Sainfoin, the winner of the blue ribbon in the present year. (\$1.75. Philadelphia: Gebbie & Co.)

'HEALTH GUYED' is a small collection of drolleries about the disorders to which human flesh is subject, which may bring a smile to the features of sick and well alike. The preliminary chat on hygiene, with its quotations from Huxley, its recommendation of warm clothing, and its pictorial illustration of the 'Queen's Mate,' which makes the English people so robust, is a very good burlesque of similar chapters in popular medical books. The suggestion for a medicine bottle label, a terrier with a rat, 'To be well Shaken before Taken'; the picture of 'A Rash Breaking Out' from Sing-Sing; the advice to 'keep away from draughts unless they are signed by some responsible person'; and the little essay about bones, ending with the remark that a good practitioner will never set a broken limb the same as he would a hen, are fair samples of the spirit of the performance. Jokes and drawings are all from the pen of Mr. Frank P. W. Bellew, better known to an extensive public as 'Chip.' Very neatly gotten up in white and grey. (50 cts. Frederick A. Stokes Co.)

A NUMBER of works on serious subjects, to which we can accord no more than briefest mention, are Dr. F. G. Hibbard's 'Eschatology; or, The Doctrine of the Last Things' (\$1.25, Hunt & Eaton); Bishop Randolph S. Foster's 'Philosophy of Christian Experience,' being the third series of the Merrick Lectures (\$1, Hunt & Eaton); Bishop John P. Newman's 'Supremacy of Law' (\$1, Hunt & Eaton); 'The Sermon Bible: Matthew 1, xxi.' (\$1.50, A. C. Armstrong & Son); a prettily printed little book by the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, entitled 'Life in Christ and for Christ' (40 cts., A. C. Armstrong & Son); 'The Life Spiritual,' a Baccalaureate Address by President H. E. Webster of Union College; and 'Must the Bible Go?' a review of a decision by the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, by Dr. W. A. McAtee (10 cts., Madison: Tracy, Gibbs & Co.). On themes less weighty are 'The Life of Henry Dodge, from 1782 to 1833,' by William Salter, with portrait by George Catlin (Burlington, Iowa: Mauro & Wilson); a 'History of the 159th Regiment, N. Y. State Vols.,' by Lieut. Edward Duffy; 'Charles Le Furst, Humorist' (50 cts., Stillwater, Minn.: C. M. Morton); Webster's First Bunker Hill Address (Ginn & Co.); a third edition of 'The Struggle for Bread,' by Leigh H. Irvine (John B. Alden); 'Editorials and Other Waifs,' by L. Fidelia Woolley Gillette (the Fowler Wells Co.); 'The Wit on the Staircase,' by Francis B. Callaway (Buffalo: Peter Paul & Bro.), and 'The Berkshire News Comic Cook Book and Dyspeptic's Guide to the Grave,' by Fred. H. Curtis (25 cts., Great Barrington, Mass.: Douglass Bros.). An excellent 'Official Map of Chicago,' over 4 by 3 feet in size, and showing the second city of the Union on a scale of two inches to the mile, gives one a bird's-eye view of parks, squares and water-front, and presents, also, in the margin, a complete index to streets. (Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.)

#### Magazine Notes

A FIRST paper on 'The Army of Japan,' by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, opens *The Cosmopolitan* for November. Prof. Hardy describes the many changes through which the Japanese forces have gone since the restoration of the temporal power of the Mikado, reserving for another article his opinions on the efficiency of the Europeanized organization which has taken the place of the old military caste. The present article shows the costumes of the

samurai and the uniforms of 1868. 'The American Amateur Stage' is illustrated with pictures of the Hasty-Pudding Club and the Columbia College Club. Mr. George Grantham Bain has reached the Navy and the Interior Departments in his tour through 'The Executive Departments of the Government.' There are portraits of Secretary Tracy, Secretary Noble and Postmaster-General Wanamaker; and Secretary Rusk of the Department of Agriculture is shown with a huge bouquet of flowers by his side. 'Art and the Monastery in Corea' describes a visit to the Monastery of Sok-oang-sa by Col. Chaillé Long, who found no art to speak of in Corea. 'The Pursuit of the Martyns' is a good story by Richard Malcolm Johnston, and 'Another World,' by Camille Flammarion, deals with the latest of Schiapparelli's discoveries—namely, that the planet-Mercury does not rotate on its axis.

Tolstoi and 'The Kreutzer Sonata' are again under review in *The Forum* for November. It is the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol who this time takes the Russian author to task for his misanthropical 'prophet's scream.' The article is a tissue of citations from the Bible, Shakespeare, Goethe, Pope, Gray's 'Elegy,' Mohammed, Calvin, Luther, Dante, and Mr. Anthony Comstock. Dr. Bartol's own view seems to be that 'The Kreutzer Sonata' is a 'gloomy romance of despair,' but that 'it is folly to interdict its circulation and sale.' Rev. Dr. Edward Eggleston, in 'Formative Influences,' glories in his Southern birth, and describes in glowing terms his native village of Vevay, Indiana. He began journalism by setting up his own items for the *Vevay Reveille*, confident that the editor would never reject an item already in type. His early reading was chiefly in classical English and French poetry, and he looks back upon his experiences as a frontier minister with considerable satisfaction. C. Wood Davis criticises Prince Krapotkin's late article on the 'Possibilities of Agriculture,' and maintains that the probabilities are very different. The present views of geologists on ancient glacier distribution are summed up by Prof. Alexander Winchell; the Rev. Amory D. Mayo tells of the 'Progress of the Negro,' and President Francis A. Walker examines Dr. Abbott's recent article on 'Industrial Democracy.'

Herbert Spencer opens the November *Popular Science Monthly* with an article on 'The Origin of Music,' which extends the discussion in his essay on 'The Origin and Function of Music.' Darwin's view that all music is developed from amatory sounds is opposed, and a criticism by the late Mr. Gurney is also replied to. 'The Logic of Free Trade and Protection' is considered by Arthur Kitson, who takes Mr. Blaine as an authoritative exponent of protection, and subjects the doctrine as stated by him to severe criticism, on the ground that it is not a logical outcome of existing facts.—The address of Prof. T. C. Mendenhall, as President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, dealing with 'The Relations of Men of Science to the General Public,' tells scientific men a number of ways in which they can make themselves more useful and better appreciated.—The November *Arena* contains a paper on 'The Future American Drama,' completed by Dion Boucicault a few days before his death. A paragraph of Mr. Boucicault's writing, reproduced on heavy plate paper, accompanies the article. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, whose face forms the frontispiece of the number, writes on 'Sex in Mind'; and Prof. N. S. Shaler contributes a paper on the African element in America.

### Shakespeareana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*The 'Bankside' Edition of 'Lear.'*—Volume X. of the 'Bankside' edition, just received, is devoted to 'King Lear,' and the text printed as a parallel to that of the Folio of 1623 is the 'Pide Bull' Quarto, so called. The introductory essay, by Mr. Alvey A. Adeë, is one of the best—perhaps the very best—in the series. It is an able discussion of the date of the play, the history and typography of the two quarto texts of 1608 and their relations to the Folio, the origins of the plot, and the 'cruces' of the play, together with some 'general remarks' of an 'æsthetic' character which are so good that we cannot help regretting their brevity. The entire paper, indeed, makes us wish that the author could find more leisure from his official duties to give us the fruits of his long and loving study of the poet.

Mr. Adeë believes that 'Lear' was probably written in the early part of 1605, and that, had it been printed as then written and performed, 'the text would have been found in tolerably close conformity with the Folio.' The variations in the quartos are mainly due, he thinks, to the 'exigencies of stage representation.' He agrees with the Cambridge editors, Furness, Daniel and others, in considering the 'Pide Bull' edition to be the earlier of the two quartos, and quite conclusively proves it to be so by the variations in the several copies. The ten sheets of the volume were corrected while passing through the press, and the printed sheets were so

jumbled by the binder that only two of the extant copies that have been collated seem to be exactly alike. Mr. Adeë's evident familiarity with the details of the typographic art stands him in good stead in examining the different copies of this quarto and comparing them with the other quarto. He gives good reason for believing that the 'Pide Bull' one was put in type by German compositors, either in London or in Frankfurt, to which city the printer's device on the title-page has been traced. It is possible, indeed, that it may have been printed before the license for the publication of the play entered in Nov., 1607. 'Secretly set up, as a piratical venture, perhaps at a poor anonymous printing shop, with the intent to enter it when it was ready for the stalls, its manifold shortcomings may have led to its being cast aside, in the sheets, and to a new and better imprint being undertaken, under the due entry of the printer, whoever he was.' Thus 'the second edition may actually have been the first edition to find its way to sale,' and its popularity may have led the publisher to work off the discarded sheets, 'stitched together pell-mell under a new title-page.' The 'copy' was obtained surreptitiously, but not, as some have supposed, from notes taken at the theatre. All the internal evidence goes to show that the publisher 'somehow obtained the acting copy of 1606,—the business is carefully attended to, the entrances and exits are tolerably accurate, and the continuity of the action is such as to preclude the idea of a short-hand or imperfectly memorized theft.'

One of the most puzzling of the many problems connected with the early history of 'Lear' is how to explain the omission of parts of the quarto text in the Folio, and *vice versa*. Mr. Adeë is the first to make an accurate count of these differences. In editing the play myself, I called attention to the discrepancies in the figures given by Furness and Koppel, but had not the patience to 'go behind the returns' and ascertain which was right. It appears that neither was exactly right. According to Mr. Adeë, who may safely be trusted, the Folio has '35 half-lines of three to six syllables each, and 88 full lines' that are not in the quartos, while the latter have '25 half lines and 242 metrical lines' wanting in the former. As I have already stated, Mr. Adeë rejects the theory of certain critics that the Folio text is the result of later abridgment, and regards it as representing substantially 'the first manuscript sketch,' from which the quarto text was gradually formed by 'accretion and elision.' This hypothesis, however, he modestly submits for consideration until a better one shall be put forth, being 'open to conviction, and 'not argue-proof,' as Shakespeare critics are unfortunately apt to be. It would be interesting to refer to other points in this admirable introduction, but want of space forbids.

*Completion of the 'Henry Irving' Edition of Shakespeare.*—The eighth and last volume of the 'Henry Irving' edition of Shakespeare, published by Messrs. Blackie & Son of Glasgow and London (represented here by Messrs. Scribner & Welford), has lately appeared. It includes 'Hamlet,' 'Henry VIII.,' 'Pericles,' and the Poems, and is in no respect inferior to its predecessors in the series. The completed work must unquestionably be reckoned among the 'standard' editions of the dramatist—those that no critical scholar can dispense with. Of its special features a brief account has already been given in these columns, and at present I can add only this brief general commendation.

'Plaques' and 'Plagues.'—In *The Critic* of Oct. 18, the printer makes me refer to Mr. Sidney Lee as describing 'the *plaques*, fires, floods, and famines' with which Stratford-on-Avon was visited in the olden time. Lest the reader should suppose that certain types of amateur painting with which the present age is afflicted were known in the time of Shakespeare, it is proper to state that the reading of the 'copy,' whereof I happened to see no proof, was 'plagues,' not 'plaques.'

*Deighton's 'Julius Cæsar' and 'Merchant of Venice.'*—Macmillan & Co. have added to their series of English classics editions of 'Julius Cæsar' and 'The Merchant of Venice,' by Mr. K. Deighton, whose edition of 'Macbeth' has already been noticed in these columns. The introductions are excellent, and the critical notes will compare not unfavorably with those of other school editions; but there are many notes which are merely paraphrastic rather than critical, and a large proportion of these would strike an American teacher as superfluous. They are primarily intended for East Indian students, among whom Mr. Deighton, like his colleagues in the preparation of this series, has long been an educational worker. It may be a question, however, whether they are really needed for these students, if they are sufficiently advanced in English to take up Shakespeare; or whether, if help is needed on expressions as familiar in the English of to-day as in that of Shakespeare, these notes are likely to be really helpful. If the



young Indian does not know what Cassius means by 'Then must I think' (you would not have it so), will the paraphrase, 'Then I cannot help believing,' make it clear to him? Will 'myself individually' be more intelligible than 'my single self'? Does 'the flush showing anger' convey a clearer idea than 'the angry spot' that glows on Cæsar's cheek? Or, 'if it is your pleasure, your wish, than 'if you please'; or 'as far as I am concerned,' than 'for mine own part'? In some cases the polysyllabic exegesis of simple Saxon phrases is worthy of Holofernes; as when 'all in fire' is explained by 'entirely enveloped in flames.' Brutus says that

lowliness is young ambition's ladder  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend.

Mr. Deighton simplifies the first line thus: 'humility is the ladder by which ambition while still in its infancy hopes to ascend; and, lest the context should not make it evident what is meant by 'turns his back,' he inserts the note, 'his physical attitude indicating that of his mind.' Such notes are to be found on every page, and there is often the same tendency to turgid expression in dealing with passages that require some explanation. For instance,

The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins  
Remorse from power,

is amplified thus: 'The misuse of a high position is manifested when it dissociates kindly feeling from the possession of power, makes the two things incompatible with each other.' The one point that calls for annotation here is the old use of *remorse* in the sense of pity or mercy; and this is explained at unnecessary length in the added comment: '*Remorse*, in Shakespeare, is used more generally for "pity," "tenderness of heart," than in the modern sense of compunction of conscience for some evil deed.' Sometimes the meaning of a passage is missed in the paraphrase. Brutus says (ii. i. 117):—

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed,

that is, to lie idle there instead of being up and doing in the service of his country; but Mr. Deighton renders it weakly thus: 'And let every man hurry home to his bed now not occupied (as it ought to be at this time of the night).' *Idle bed* is exactly like the familiar *sick bed*, or the 'lazy bed' of *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 147.

Apropos of 'Julius Cæsar,' Mr. Deighton has a note on a passage which did not seem to me to need any when I edited the play, but about which I have several times received inquiries from teachers, namely (iv. 3. 110):—

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire.

A letter just at hand from California asks:—'Does Brutus compare himself to a lamb, or does he refer to a weakness in the character of Cassius?' The former beyond all question, I should say, though *lamb* may be a corruption, as some critics have suspected. Mr. Deighton has the following note here:—'If *lamb* be the true reading, the passage must mean you have as your brother one who by nature is as gentle as a lamb; Pope proposed "man."'

### The Lounger

'A FRIEND' writes from Ripley, Ohio:—'The list of American literary ladies lately presented in *The Critic*, in connection with the balloting for the "Twenty Immortelles," has been put to a novel but interesting use by one of our literary clubs. It has been taken as the basis of an impromptu oral examination of the members on the subject of the literary work and worth of the ladies mentioned. The names were taken up in turn by some person qualified, as fully as possible, to extend the necessary information if not supplied, and as each writer was presented, the club class was accordingly questioned. The results were often quite amusing and entertaining, as well as really instructive. Literary clubs, it is well known, are often fearfully and wonderfully made; but it is really no discredit to this club, as it would not be to any other not composed of professional writers and readers, to say that an inconsiderately large number of the names proposed to fame proved entirely unknown. The deep, dread silence with which some names were received was only equalled, on the other extreme, by the eager alacrity with which a club member responded, who happened to be the only person informed as to a certain aspirant for honors. Now that the "Immortelles" are chosen—and very well chosen—perhaps the proposal may not be out of order that a list of twenty of the most obscure writers be prepared, "to be filed for reference"—with the One Hundred Worst Books.'

*The Author*, the monthly organ of the Society of authors, conducted by Mr. Walter Besant, makes a point for International Copyright by showing, in its issue of Oct. 15, that of forty-five books noticed in four numbers of *The Critic* (Aug. 16 to Sept. 13, omitting Sept. 6), 'nine are French or translated from the French, nine are American, the rest all English.'

It may be that at this time of year there are fewer books of native production than earlier or later. But what should we think were we to find in an English review twenty-six books written by Americans to nine written by Britons—a proportion of 100 to 36, or nearly three to one. This then is one result of the present system, and a result which everybody can understand. The American author is ousted and starved to make room for the Englishman, who, poor wretch, is starved although he is received.

I HAVE NOT taken the trouble to verify Mr. Besant's figures, but assuming them to be correct, we shall not go far wrong in attributing the discrepancy he notes to the season of the year—a season when the American press issues comparatively little matter. Let us take the last number of *The Critic* as a basis of comparison, and see what the result will be. I find forty-four books reviewed or briefly noticed on Nov. 1. Of these only nineteen appear to be of American origin, the remaining twenty-five being, with one or two exceptions, British. Eighty-two books, or publications other than periodical, were received at *The Critic* office last week. Forty-nine of these, apparently, were the work of American writers; almost all of the other thirty-three were English. This is a better showing than Mr. Besant makes for us, but it is still bad enough to confirm what he says upon our acceptance of English books and rejection of those of native origin. There can be no question whatever that many a foreign book is reprinted in this country, because it can be had for nothing, that would be rejected on its merits by an American publisher; while many an American manuscript is returned to the writer because an inferior one has been preferred to it on the ground that it could be got gratis.

IT WAS A PICTURESQUE idea of our Government officials to send artists out to the Western wilds to take the Indian census. I don't know just who originated and carried out the plan, but I have heard that it was Mr. 'Tom' Donaldson of Philadelphia, whose exploits in regard to taxing imported works of art have not made him particularly popular with the artistic fraternity. It was probably to show the artists that he bore them no ill-will that he gave them this little treat at the Government's expense. Those chosen for the pleasant task were Walter Shirlaw, Peter Moran, H. R. Poore and Gilbert Gaul. There may have been others, but these are the names I have heard mentioned most prominently in the matter. I have no doubt but that the artists made a better count of the Indians in their wilds than has been made of the population of New York; at the same time they filled their sketch-books with valuable sketches, and they saw sights that no census-taker in the metropolis ever dreamt of. A description of one of the most thrilling of these sights is given in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, and illustrated by Mr. Shirlaw, from sketches made upon the scene.

IT HAS BEEN CRIED OUT that the newspapers have killed the lyceum—that there is nothing to be enjoyed in America in the way of lectures on serious themes. Yet it is not so many years since we had Matthew Arnold lecturing among us; and only last winter Miss Amelia B. Edwards and Mr. George Kennan delivered most successful courses of lectures here, on subjects no less grave than old Egypt and modern Siberia—one the resting-place of forgotten Pharaohs, the other the tomb of men and women not yet dead. This year, too, the outlook is bright enough. Prof. Bryce has been heard this week in Brooklyn; Mr. Lowell is to give a course of lectures at the University of Pennsylvania; Mr. Stedman is to open the lectureship on English poetry established at Johns Hopkins; Mr. George Willis Cooke is to talk of famous writers and Prof. Thomas Davidson will be heard in six addresses at Princeton on 'Dante: His Life and Times, and the Divine Comedy' and at All Souls' Church, this city, in a similar course of ten. Mr. Stanley, moreover, is to make a professional tour of America, beginning in this city on Nov. 11—a most interesting event in the history of the American lyceum. Mr. Kennan is to lecture again every week-day evening until Feb. 28; Mr. Frederick Villiers is on his way to America to resume lyceum work; Mr. Alexander Black of the Brooklyn *Daily Times* is lecturing throughout the country on 'Life through a Detective Camera'; and Mr. R. K. Munkittrick of *Puck* and Mr. J. K. Bangs of *Harper's* are to work in double harness this season under the direction of that veteran whip, Major J. B. Pond. It looks as if the lecturer had come back to stay.

*The Mail and Express* may be an authority on Scriptural quotations, but is woefully behind the times in matters of local literary news. Last Saturday it said:—'Mr. Hamilton Cole, a lawyer of this city, has a well-selected library and an exquisite collection of prints. The collection is chiefly notable for the number and excellence of extra-illustrated works, early classics, bibliography and French and English literature.' Mr. Cole died on Oct. 27, 1889, and his library was dispersed by sale, by Bangs & Co., on April 7-9, 1890. In other particulars the paragraph is correct!

WRITES B. M.:—'Your note on Oscar Wilde's plagiarisms reminds me that his villanelle on Theocritus was obviously borrowed from Dobson's.'

### Tyranny

A GRIM companion followed me  
Where e're I went o'er land or sea.  
Evade him? never. Shun him? no.  
'Ah, Disappointment, prithee show  
Some mercy unto me, some ruth.'—  
'Thou call'st me false: my name is Truth.'

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

### "A Pair of Spectacles"

'A PAIR OF SPECTACLES,' the piece which has been selected to open the regular season of the Madison Square Theatre, is the version, by Sidney Grundy, of 'Les Petits Oiseaux,' which made so great a hit in London, last season, and is even now running there to crowded houses. There is every reason to believe that it will prove equally popular here, for it was received on its first representation before an uncommonly intelligent and exacting audience with unmistakable marks of favor. The nature of the comedy has been made tolerably familiar here by foreign correspondence in the newspapers, and a clumsy travesty which was produced a short time ago, as a bit of unscrupulous speculation, in the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The story concerns two brothers, one a philanthropist, all simplicity and benevolence, ever looking upon the bright side of life, and cherishing a kindly faith in mankind; the other a Sheffield merchant, with scarcely a drop of the milk of human kindness in his disposition—a flinty, tireless, selfish, grinding man; who has amassed an immense fortune by hardening his heart against every impulse of generosity, and squeezing the last possible farthing out of everybody with whom he has had dealings. Gregory, the grinder, visits Benjamin, the benevolent, and ridicules him savagely for his trust in his young wife, for his liberality to his son, for the consideration shown by him to his tenants and tradesmen, for his readiness to extend aid to a friend in distress; in short, for the general spirit of confidence in which he offers himself the easiest of victims to every kind of deception. The good Benjamin endures this railing with exemplary patience, but is finally moved to anger, and rebukes the cruel cynicism of his brother with fine spirit and dignity. He is even induced to put one of his pet pensioners to the test of investigation, and when he discovers that he has been grossly deceived in this one instance, he begins to be suspicious of everybody, even of his wife and son, and nearly succeeds in permanently destroying the happiness of his home and his own self-respect before he discovers, through the gratitude of one of his former beneficiaries, that his moral vision has been distorted by the use of Gregory's spectacles.

There is an admirable moral in this little piece, and some keen satire; but its main purpose is to amuse, not to teach. The characters of the two brothers are contrasted with much cleverness, and, in the earlier scenes, with considerable regard for the probabilities of everyday life, while the dialogue is simple, direct and humorous; but the incidents following Benjamin's transformation are much more nearly allied to farce than comedy. Mr. Grundy, of course, enjoys the benefit of all that liberal and tasteful management can do. The stage-setting is perfect, and the cast as good as could be wished. Mr. Stoddart has caught the mood of the philanthropic Benjamin exactly, and presents a perfect picture of comfortable and easy-going benignity. He plays at first with most delicate humor, and, after his temporary perversion, with broadly comic effect. In the rebuke of his brother he was particularly fine. As the cynical Gregory, Mr. E. M. Holland—one of the cleverest actors of the day—is perhaps a trifle over-emphatic, but furnishes a wonderfully strong, life-like and consistent study of ruthless and domineering selfishness. Mr. Frederic Robinson enacts a small part with his usual precision, Miss Maud Harrison plays excellently as the young wife, and Mr. Walden Ramsay and Mr. Woodruff are entirely satisfactory in two juvenile characters.

### "The Last Word"

'THE LAST WORD,' the latest comedy adapted from the German of Von Schöntan by Mr. Augustin Daly, is likely to prove one of the most successful of the series, judging from the enthusiastic applause and hearty laughter which accompanied its first representation. At all events it is fully as entertaining and of far more substantial merit than several of its predecessors which have won popular favor. It is in four acts and possesses serious as well as comic interest. The first act, indeed, opens with an air of mystery suggestive of romantic drama. The scene is laid in the house of the Secretary of State at Washington, who is giving a reception in honor of his daughter, Faith. For this young lady's hand there are two suitors, one a junior attaché of the Russian legation, the other a Russian baron of abundant wealth but very doubtful antecedents. The latter, it appears, has denounced his rival to the Russian secret police as a Nihilist, and the author of seditious literature, and the young diplomat, who has really written some indiscreet letters, finds himself threatened with exile and ruin. In this emergency he appeals for assistance to his host, the Secretary, but the latter refuses, very curtly, to interfere in behalf of a man whom he regards as the consort of assassins, and becomes furiously indignant when he learns that his daughter has plighted her troth to the supposed culprit. On the impulse of the moment he calls his guests together to announce Faith's betrothal to the Baron, but the girl forestalls his declaration by introducing her favored lover as her future husband.

This situation brings the first act to an effective close, but could not happen, of course, in the United States. The whole spirit of the act, with its autocratic Secretary and its secret police, is distinctly European. The succeeding acts, however, relate chiefly to love-affairs which are unaffected by nationality. Faith, driven from her father's home, takes refuge with her lover's sister, the Princess Vera, the good angel whose wit, courage and beauty are the means of restoring general happiness. Her first triumph is over the Secretary's son, a self-opinionated young physician, with a professed contempt for all womankind, whom she wins over to his sister's cause by a judicious mixture of flattery and coquetry; and her second over the Secretary himself, who yields to her pathetic pleading after banishing both son and daughter from his home.

The Princess, it is almost needless to say, is Ada Rehan, who never had a part to suit her better, and has rarely acted with greater dash or power of fascination. The feminine artifice in her first encounters with the frigid and conceited young doctor is delightfully piquant, and her outbursts of indignation in the second act are brilliantly effective. Of the innumerable devices of stage coquetry she proved herself a mistress long ago. She acts with much skill and discretion in the pathetic scene with the Secretary in the third act, but sentiment is not her strong point, and a touch of artificiality is added to her performance by the very indiscreet introduction of a musical accompaniment. Her impersonation as a whole is remarkable for its vitality, variety and sustained charm. The general representation is worthy of high praise. Mr. Clarke plays the Secretary with force, feeling and dignity, Mr. John Drew is excellent as the physician, who after affecting to despise the Princess becomes her most devoted slave; Charles Wheatleigh presents an attractive sketch of a simple and fatherly old musician; Mr. James Lewis is constantly amusing as a fashionable male flirt; and Mr. Bond furnishes a neat bit of character-acting. Isabel Irving and Kitty Cheatham both do well and all minor parts are in safe hands. The piece is brightly written throughout and has scarcely a dull moment in it.

### The Fine Arts

#### Reopening of the Metropolitan Museum

THE CUSTOMARY RECEPTION on the occasion of the fall opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, on Monday afternoon, was signalized by the placing on exhibition of some new gifts and purchases, the most important of which, from an educational point of view, were the models of the Parthenon and the façade of Notre Dame, Paris, in the Willard collection of architectural casts, in the main hall. Both are the work of Mr. Jouy, of Paris. That of the Parthenon is, of course, a restoration, the actual present state of the building being shown by means of photographs. It is lit internally, contains an attempt at a restoration of the statue of Minerva, and has the outer frieze, metopes and pediments painted after the manner of the Tanagra statuettes. Both these models are on a scale of about one-twentieth of the originals. The collection of Egyptian and Coptic tapestries, embroideries and paintings on cloth, formed by Brugsch Bey and presented to the Museum by Mr. George F. Baker, is also a noteworthy acquisition. It includes specimens ranging from late Byzantine to very early Egyptian



work. The most interesting as to design and color belong, probably, to the Ptolemaic period. The collection is placed in movable frames at the end of the main hall. A Roman sarcophagus, richly decorated and of pretty good workmanship, is in the passage leading to the room of terra cottas on the ground floor. In the 'Gold Room,' upstairs, will be found some new gifts of fans and miniatures by Miss Sarah Lazarus, and of a Mexican silver axe by Mr. Marquand. Mr. S. P. Avery has presented a bust of the artist Elliot, by Launt Thompson. Additions to the loan collection of pictures are a Courbet, 'After the Hunt,' owned by Mr. Cottier, and an interior with figures, by F. von Uhde, belonging to Mr. Schour.

#### Art Notes

SOME new landscapes, mostly views in Florida, by Wm. L. Picknell, may be seen at Avery's Galleries, where are also two clever studies, 'The Road to Sag Harbor,' at evening, and 'Jersey Marshes,' a snow effect, by the artist Eichelberger, who died last year. A fine Inness of 1873, 'Cadore, Italy,' a distance of clouds and mountains and dark, broadly painted foreground; an excellent little study by Daubigny, 'Hay-making'; and an ambitious figure-piece, 'The Expulsion from Paradise,' by the landscape-painter Cazin, are new arrivals. The last-mentioned is a quite novel conception. The angel, in a flame-colored tunic, leans over a hedge of low bushes at the extreme right of the picture, and our first parents, whom he has just driven forth, are entering on a weary world of Normandy sand-dunes, over which the shadows of evening are creeping.

—Frederick Keppel & Co. have on exhibition at their gallery, in East Sixteenth Street, a small but interesting collection of American water-colors. We would signalize a 'Marine,' a study of surf, by H. P. Smith; a view of Mont St. Michel, by W. J. Whittmore; a study of 'Violets,' very well composed, by Mrs. Gaskill; a figure of a young lady in white, 'Among the Dogwood,' by Rhoda Holmes Nicholls; a monk with hydrangeas, 'His Worldly Possessions,' by Childe Hassam; and 'The Pool,' among rocks by the sea-shore, by L. Rosenberg.

—An exhibition of prints made by different photo-engraving processes was opened by the New York Camera Club on Monday, at 314 Fifth Avenue, and will remain open until Nov. 15. Several firms appear to be making progress in photographic color-printing and in printing in tones; but the light is so bad that it is impossible to form a definite opinion of the merit of the works shown.

—At the Blakeslee Galleries, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, may be seen a fine Troyon, 'A Bull,' studied three-quarters face; a small but vigorous study by Delacroix of a 'Lion Devouring a Horse'; a 'Twilight,' by Rousseau; two interesting landscapes by Richet, who still keeps alive the Fontainebleau traditions; a large Pasini, 'The Retreat'; and a 'Marine,' by Alfred Stevens, a blue tumultuous sea by twilight, a rain-storm approaching, and light coming level over the cliffs from an unseen light-house.

—Millet's 'Angelus,' which the painter sold for \$360, which Mr. Secretan bought for \$32,000, and for which the American Art Association paid \$110,000 in July, 1889, has just been sold in Paris for \$150,000. The price given by the Association was regarded as extravagant: what shall be said, then, of this enormous appreciation in the commercial value of the painting? It is understood that there will be further exhibitions of the work in this country before it goes abroad, presumably to stay. 'The Angelus' is a masterpiece, no matter what one may think of the way in which its purchase-price has been harped upon.

—We have received a catalogue of the paintings exhibited at the Interstate Industrial Exposition at Chicago, which closed on Oct. 18. The exhibition included 337 oil-paintings and 147 water-colors and pastels, many of them by Eastern artists.

—'Famous European Artists,' by Sarah K. Bolton, consists of short biographies of great masters of the Italian, Dutch, and English Schools. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Reynolds, and Turner are among the number. The admission of Sir Edwin Landseer shows that the author's critical judgment is not always to be relied on; but Mrs. Bolton quotes largely from previous writers, and as to the biographical details given, has apparently taken some pains to be correct. The book is illustrated by well-printed phototype engravings after steel- or copper-plates. (\$1.50. T. W. Crowell & Co.)

—The biography of Mulready, by Frederick G. Stevens, is one of the best in the Great Artists Series, in which we have recently mentioned with praise the two volumes devoted to the painters of Barbizon. For some facts of the painter's early days, Mr. Stevens has drawn on William Godwin's children's story in 'The

Looking glass,' 'A True History of the Early Years of an Artist,' the facts of which are said to have been communicated to him by Mulready himself. The account is illustrated with pen-sketches, which Mr. Stevens also attributes to Mulready. The biography is more anecdotal than critical, and while the author evidently admires Mulready's works, it is not always with judgment. Except as regards their color, their great technical merits are little insisted upon, and too much prominence is given to their 'literary' side—the side that everybody is competent to judge for himself. (\$1.25. Scribner & Welford.)

#### Boston Letter

THE COMING of Henry M. Stanley is looked forward to with lively interest in literary and social circles in this city, and as he is to deliver only two lectures here, it is felt that the opportunities of seeing and hearing him should be faithfully improved. The evening of Nov. 18 and the afternoon of Nov. 22 are the dates fixed for his appearance on the platform, and as the latter comes on Saturday, there will be a brisk competition between our literary and artistic clubs for his entertainment on that evening. I hear that invitations will be sent to him on the tug that is to meet the Teutonic in New York Harbor. The St. Botolph Club will tender him a reception and the Papyrus a dinner. There will be a special appropriateness in his dining with the latter club, from the fact that he was a guest at its first dinner. This was in 1872, when Stanley was fresh from his discovery of Livingstone. I recall the favorable impression which he made at that dinner, and also the fact of going to his room late one night with Boyle O'Reilly and finding the explorer in bed, and the little 'Kaloooloo,' his African pet, bundled up on the floor.

It seems to me that Stanley is more worthy of being lionized than most of the visitors whom we honor in this way. An African lion has always been considered superior game to be hunted in the jungles of fashionable society, and from Mungo Park down, I know of no nobler specimen of the breed than Stanley. He has achieved such great things that he has not been obliged to fall back upon a traveller's privilege of exaggeration, and critical knowledge of Africa is so advanced that the explorer is spared the unpleasantness which the early adventurers experienced, of being considered liars when they told the truth. Bruce, who, as Macaulay says, used to swagger and talk about his travels in Abyssinia in the drawing-room of Dr. Burney, Madame D'Arblay's father, was regarded as a Munchausen for saying that he had eaten steaks cut from living oxen. Perhaps it was a feeling of disgust with his supposed untruthfulness that led honest old Dr. Johnson to tell Boswell that a fighting-cock had as much nobleness of resolution as an African traveller who penetrates the darkest regions.

A Sketch of Chester Harding,' edited by his daughter Margaret E. White, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish on Nov. 15, has the autobiographic flavor which is so pleasant, and my recollection of it, as privately printed many years ago, is thoroughly enjoyable. Harding painted many notabilities in this country and Europe and was more successful in getting orders than Stuart, who, when he had a studio near his in Boston, used to ask about the progress of 'the Harding fever.' The charming personality of the man was of much aid to the artist. There are agreeable anecdotes of Webster and other of his sitters in this volume, which has letters of Mr. Harding which have recently come into the editor's possession. It will contain photographs of the painter and his wife, copied from his own pictures at different periods of his life.

Mr. Whittier's poetic reputation lends interest to his selection of 'Songs of Three Centuries' and his Introductory Essay. The book in the present enlarged edition shows the way in which the progress of time has affected the poet's judgment in the choice of materials. It will be brought out on Nov. 15 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The probability that 'Over the Teacups' is the last serial that Dr. Holmes will ever write, gives a certain pathetic interest to its appearance in book form. Nov. 8 is the date fixed for its publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. If it has not the brilliant fancies of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' it has a mellow and tender philosophy which is in keeping with the period of life that produced it, while its touches of wit and wisdom show that time has not dimmed the author's keenness of observation and insight.

Ellen Olney Kirk, author of 'The Story of Margaret Kent,' has written a novel called 'Walford,' the scene of which is laid in a New England manufacturing town. It is a love-story in which jealousy is a moving force, and a mysterious disappearance, a strike and a tragedy add their elements of interest to the plot. There is a vigor and vivacity in the narrative which enchains attention, and the incidents are sufficiently varied to suit the popular

taste. On the same date (Nov. 8) with the publication of this novel and of a new edition of 'Queen Money,' by the same author, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., they will publish 'Timothy's Quest,' by Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of 'The Birds' Christmas Carol,' which tells in humorous and pathetic fashion, of the search of a boy of ten or twelve years for a mother for a little girl who has been his companion in the toils of a miserable baby-farmer. They run away with a dog, and their adventures and successes are narrated in this book.

'Thoreau Thoughts' is the title of a volume of selections from the writings of the Concord philosopher whose reputation for observation and insight has been steadily growing since his death. The volume, which will be brought out on Nov. 8 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is edited by H. G. O. Blake, and has a full bibliography of Thoreau's writings. On the same date the same firm will publish 'Essays in Philosophy: Old and New,' by William Knight, Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews, Scotland. This is a work of marked intellectual power, and its broad scholarship and independent point of view will commend it to candid inquirers.

Goupil's 'Paris Salon of 1890,' which will shortly be published by Estes & Lauriat, has, I hear, been largely sold in advance, the success of the English text edition last year having been such as to create an active demand for this superior artistic work. The text is to be had of the publishers in French or English.

The lectures of Louis Fagan, Master of Prints in the British Museum, to which I referred last week, will begin at the Lowell Institute on Nov. 11. The subject of the course is 'The Treasures of the British Museum.' 1. 'Egyptian, Assyrian and Babylonian Antiquities.' 2. 'Greek and Roman Antiquities.' 3. 'The Library, Manuscripts, etc.' 4. 'Wood-Engravings, Treasures of the Print Room.' 5. 'Line Engravings: English School.' 6. 'Etchings.' 7. 'Mezzotint Engravings.'

I hear that Mr. N. P. Gilman, whose book on 'Profit Sharing' has been so highly praised by competent critics, is preparing a work on 'Socialism and the American Spirit.' The volume will comprise chapters on the Reaction against Individualism; Recent American Socialism; the American Social Idea in Practice, as Distinguished from Individualism and Socialism; the Field for Social Reform in America; Arbitration, Industrial Partnership, and Co-operative Production, considered as steps out of labor troubles; Recent Progress in Profit Sharing; the first duty of the Educated Classes: the Way to Utopia, etc. The book will be a valuable contribution to the cause of social reform.

BOSTON, Nov. 3, 1890.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

### Mr. Smalley on Capt. Burton

[The New York Tribune]

SOME YEARS AFTER, there was a smoking party given by a well-known Londoner. I went late, and on my way upstairs stumbled against a man sitting on the steps, with a book and pencil in his hand, absorbed in his reading and the notes he was making. It was Burton. When I spoke to him he woke up as if from a dream, with the dazed air of one not quite sure where he is. I asked him what he was reading. It proved to be Camcens, and he told me he was translating the Portuguese poet. It seemed an odd place for such work, and I said as much. 'Oh,' answered Burton, 'I can read anywhere or write anywhere. And I always carry Camcens about with me. You see, he is a little book, and I have done most of my translating in these odd moments,—or, as you say, in this odd fashion.' And he added, with a kind of cynical grin on his face, 'You will find plenty of dull people in the rooms above.' He had been bored, and this was his refuge. 'Besides,' he said, 'I have been up all last night, and I can't waste time.' I looked at him with that sort of curiosity one has in the presence of a perfectly unique, or, at any rate, original person, whose character and capacities are both evidently beyond the common. And I asked, 'Are you never tired?' He answered 'Never.' Indeed, now that he had fairly withdrawn his attention from his book, he seemed wide awake and fresh. As he did not seem to mind, I pursued him with questions.

'What do you mean by "never"?' 'I mean that I cannot remember that I ever knew what it was to feel tired or to be unable to go on with any work I wanted to do.' 'Do you know Portuguese well?' 'Yes, it is no effort to master a language or a dialect.' 'How many do you know?' 'Twenty-seven!' I forbore to ask him what they were. He added, however: 'I include different dialects of the same language in the twenty-seven.' Bayard Taylor had a similar gift of tongues and power of mastering local peculiarities of speech. 'I know,' said Taylor once, 'all the various patois and dialects of South Germany as well as any peasant knows any one of them which he speaks.'

There came from the drawing-room on the floor above a great noise of talk; you might call it a roar of human voices. There were clouds of smoke drifting and eddying about. Guests and servants were passing and repassing. And there in the centre of this stream and amid all the social hurly-burly sat Burton, indifferent to everything around him, forgetful of it, hearing nothing but the music of Portuguese verse, living over again the miserable yet heroic life of a poor poet who had been dead three hundred years. There you saw one side of Burton which not everybody has seen; or had then seen. He was known, of course, as a writer of books. He had written many books, too many; some of them good, but the Burton the world knew was the daring adventurer, the explorer, the great traveller, the man who delighted to put his life at the mercy of a multitude of Moslem fanatics at Mecca, or of black savages in Central Africa.

### International Copyright

IT SHOULD NOT be forgotten that the annual meeting of the American Copyright League will be held at 64 Madison Avenue on Tuesday next, Nov. 11, at 4 P.M.

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In your issue of Oct. 25 I find the following:—

Mr. J. W. Abernethy of Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, writes to us as follows:—"It may possibly be of interest to your readers to compare the opinion of the Rev. Howard Crosby—that the product of an author's brain cannot be regarded as property except "as a courtesy"—with that of the poet Walter Savage Landor:—"It seems to me that no property is so entirely and purely and religiously a man's own as what comes to him immediately from God, without intervention or participation. It is the eternal gift of an eternal being. No legislature has a right to confine its advantages, or to give them away to any person whatsoever." (Forster's Life of Landor, p. 570.)"

Now, if copyright, national and international, rests on no firmer basis than this flight of fancy of Walter Savage Landor, it must, indeed, have a sandy foundation; and literary property must fail to possess a character as sacred as is claimed for it by that eminent body of gentlemen, the American Copyright League.

So far from the product of an author's brain coming 'to him immediately from God, without intervention or participation,' even his 'brain' does not so come, 'without intervention or participation' of man. The 'brain' or intelligence of the author, like that of every other human being, comes from association—the exchange of services, commodities and ideas with his fellowmen. The child of man is born the most helpless of animals, and is indebted for all he finally becomes, to association. If born deaf, he remains dumb; if his associations are wholly with ignorant persons, he remains ignorant; if with depraved ones, he becomes depraved. If Walter Savage Landor had been born a native of Africa or of New Guinea, or an American Indian, his intellectual 'property,' 'so entirely and purely and religiously his own,' coming 'immediately from God,' would have had so little value that he would never have thought of putting a price on it.

The fact is all such pretensions are simply absurd; no 'author' who publishes anything valuable being free from obligations to other authors or discoverers or inventors. The first prerequisite to the preparation of a really important book is to obtain access to other books. The 'author' then gets together the results of the labors of hundreds or perhaps thousands of experimenters, discoverers, or 'authors' like himself; and now, perhaps, he begins to talk about 'property entirely and purely and religiously' his 'own' as coming 'immediately from God, without intervention or participation'; and, to all thoughtful people who take the trouble to examine his title he makes himself and his cause ridiculous.

But for the ideas of men who have gone before—*ideas always and everywhere uncopyrightable*,—the most valuable books of this age would never have been thought of, could not have been written. It is therefore about time the 'author' took in a reef or two in his sails. After all, he, like his predecessors, from whom he has borrowed, has only a copyright in the form of words in which he tells his story. Had his predecessors obtained a perpetual copyright in their ideas, his own book if really a valuable one would have remained unwritten—that which was contained in his own narrow brain, and 'entirely and purely and religiously' his 'own,' being such literary pabulum as no publisher would print, nor no reader would buy or even read.

In a word, each and every man is a creation of his environment, of the society in which he lives and moves and has his being, and he has no rights independent of that society; and the author is no exception to the law. He is enabled to avail himself of the labors of his predecessors in the acquisition and



the gathering of knowledge, because society puts such a limit on their claims, as it does, must and will, of necessity, put on his. The dictum of the late Walter Savage Landor is therefore based on ideas as 'Imaginary' as his 'Conversations.'

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27, 1890. HENRY CAREY BAIRD.

[It is not claimed that an author's *ideas* are copyrightable but only the *form* in which he expresses them. Landor wrote as a poet—that is to say, he used imaginative and poetic phraseology to express an idea essentially practical and true. A man's skill in clothing invisible ideas in visible and audible words surely appears to be a more immediate gift from God (to use Landor's phrase) than a gold coin which he has found in the highway, or a bit of ivory that he has killed an African to get possession of. The trouble with an author's property is that it is intangible, and more easily cribbed than a house, or a horse and wagon. But this should make delicate consciences all the more careful to recognize his claim—just as a highwayman not wholly base might hesitate to 'hold up' a coach containing a woman or an invalid, who would make no bones (though he might break some) about demanding the money or the lives of a party of men. A weak point in the argument against copyright is that the practical opponent of (police) protection to authors always maintains that *he* has an inherent right to the author's work, while the writer himself has none but what he chooses to allow him.—EDS. CRITIC.]

On Oct. 30 the Messrs. Black of Edinburgh filed, in the United States Circuit Court, a supplemental bill of complaint against the Messrs. Ehrich of this city. The suit was first brought for infringement of copyright on American contributions in 'The Encyclopædia Britannica.' The defendants have left out of the book the articles that have been copyrighted in this country; but the Messrs. Black deny their right to use the name 'Encyclopædia Britannica: Ninth Edition,' as the title of a book which does not contain the copyrighted articles. Mr. Charles Scribner, the publisher, made affidavit that the statements were true.

### Notes

'IN DARKEST ENGLAND, and the Way out,' the book of the season in England, by Gen. Booth, the chief officer of the Salvation Army, will be published here, from the English plates, by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls. General Booth proposes an undertaking involving an outlay of \$5,000,000, towards which amount, it is reported, large sums are already pouring in. The book will soon be ready. The first London edition was sold in three hours.

—Mr. Mahaffy's 'Greek World under Roman Sway,' to be published immediately by Macmillan & Co., covers the period from the subjugation of Hellenic lands by Rome down to the accession of Hadrian, when Greece may be said to have recovered her supremacy.

—M. Jules Breton writes to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., who are about to publish his autobiography, 'The Life of an Artist,' translated by Mrs. Mary J. Serrano:—'It is with great pleasure that I authorize you to publish the translation of the Life of an Artist. The importance of your house, and the conscientious care which it gives to all its publications, are to me a sure guarantee of the attention which this book will receive from you.' A book by a new hand, which is said to show much talent, is announced by the same firm. The author is Miss Lily A. Long of St. Paul, Minn., and the title 'A Squire of Low Degree.' The scene is laid in the Northwest.

—*Harper's Weekly* announces the publication in its next two numbers of the first of Mr. Kipling's stories in which the scenes and characters are entirely English. Its title is 'The Record of Brandalia Herodsfoot.' As a new preface to 'Lorna Doone,' Mr. Blackmore sends to Messrs. Harper a dialogue in verse of which these are the last two lines:—

The piper shall be paid? And who shall carp  
If harpers let him tap their golden harp?

—The frontispiece of the November *Book Buyer* is a portrait of Mr. Francis Parkman, accompanying a sketch of the distinguished historian by Mr. Alexander Young.

—Percy Flage writes to us from Omaha, under date of Oct. 27:—'In reading your excellent and just notice of Mr. Field's two volumes, and your reproduction of his exquisite "The Lyttle Boy," I am painfully reminded that Melvin Field, Eugene's twelve-year-old son, has just died in Hamburg, Germany. "A lyttle boy ben in the way no more."'

—Mr. George W. Smalley's letters written within the past twenty years to the New York *Tribune*, comprising his impressions

of men and events in Europe during that period, have been arranged with reference to their subjects, and will be published by Harper & Bros. early in November. 'Sir Walter Scott's Journal,' reproduced from the original copy preserved at Abbotsford, and edited by David Douglas, will be published soon by the same house, which announces also a selection of 'Ten Tales by Francois Coppée,' translated by Walter Learned, with an introduction by Brander Matthews; and 'The Earl of Beaconsfield, K. G.,' by Mr. Froude.

—Mrs. Davis, Miss Mary Garrett, and their associates of the Committee of Ladies, who resolved to raise \$100,000 and give it to Johns Hopkins University for the purpose of founding a medical college into which women would be admitted, have accomplished their resolve, and the Trustees have accepted the fund, subject to the terms which are made a part of the gift.

—Dr. Emily Kempin, who took her degree at Zurich, delivered her first lecture on law at the University of the City of New York on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 30, to an audience of women. Forty or fifty more will follow, under the auspices of the Women's Legal Education Society. These lectures have been made a part of the course for non-matriculants at the University. A chair has been endowed for four years by the twelve members of the Society, whose officers are Mrs. Leonard Weber, Mrs. Anna C. Field, Dr. Lucy Hall and Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi.

—In the course of his lecture on 'An Age of Unrest,' which drew a large audience to the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Monday night, Prof. James Bryce, M.P., author of 'The American Commonwealth,' said:—

In France public virtue is at a low ebb, political corruption reigns, the people seem not to care for their Government, and literature has a demoralizing influence. The Italians say their great men are gone and their material prosperity is not improving. The Germans think more of an army than of the higher things of life. In England we admire our constitution less and are dissatisfied with the Parliamentary system. I have sometimes thought there was the same feeling here. As to peace, we do not find the feeling that all nations have a common interest, and the diffusion of knowledge even lets us know the ill-feelings of our neighbors. Yet, while exhausted by our efforts we turn to the new problems and they make us discontented. How deal with the distribution of wealth? Our old work was largely tearing down, getting rid of evils; now we must build up. Our views are changing from a belief in individualism to that in collective action. The discontent, however, is not despair, but revolt. We look to correct evils and such a discontent is proper. We are working, and believe things will be better. You of America have the honor of being the most hopeful people in the world, and in many of these problems you have the honor of being our hope.

—Prof. Thomas Davidson will resume his lectures on 'Dante's Divine Comedy' at All Souls' Church, Madison Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street on Friday afternoon, Nov. 14, and continue them on the following nine Fridays. Canto XVII. will be the starting-point this season.

—Mr. Charles F. Pope, United States Consul at Toronto, addressed the Goethe Society at the ball-room of the Hotel Brunswick on Monday evening, on 'The Shakespeare-Bacon-Donnelly Controversy.'

—Among the guests at a banquet given on Oct. 29, by the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, was Earl De La Warr, High Steward of Stratford-on-Avon, and brother of Baron Sackville who recently claimed from the municipality rent for the ground upon which stands the Shakespeare memorial drinking-fountain, presented by Mr. Childs of Philadelphia. The Earl said that he regretted the action of his brother, and that he was sorry that it had caused bad feeling. He was sure that Baron Sackville would acknowledge that he had made a mistake in demanding rent.

—For Messrs. Putnam's Heroes of the Nations Series, Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne has written 'Sir Philip Sidney, Type of English Chivalry in the Elizabethan Age,' which will bring together many interesting and important facts discovered since the author's 'Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney' was published in 1862.

—So many inquiries come to Rev. William C. Winslow of Boston, as to the publication of Mrs. Amelia B. Edwards's lectures, and the enlarged edition of Wilson's 'Egypt of the Past,' revised by her, that he asks us to say that, by note just received from that lady, he learns that the lectures (from the Harper press) may be expected at Christmas, and the other book in the early spring.

—Two of the illustrations in Mr. Jephson's book on 'Emin Pasha and the Rebellion at the Equator' are signed 'Dorothy Stanley.' One is a title-page design, the other a large picture.

—Mr. Mudie, who died last week, created an enormous business out of nothing, modified to a considerable degree the whole course of the publishing-trade in England, kept up the published price of books, and fixed in the English public the habit of borrowing in-

stead of buying books. 'He even found time to form opinions on the morality of books as they came out,' says G. W. S., 'and set up a kind of censorship which has not done much harm or good. Mudie's is now a limited liability company with a hundred thousand subscribers, but still managed by the founder's younger son. It is noted among Mr. Mudie's claims to remembrance that he knew Emerson and published the first English edition of Mr. Lowell's poems.'

—The Longmans announce a third and cheaper edition of William O'Brien's 'When We Were Boys.'

—Archdeacon Farrar, author of a 'Life of Christ' for which his publishers have paid him four times the price agreed upon, has been appointed Chaplain to the House of Commons. He is now a Canon of Westminster, with \$5,000 a year; Rector of St. Margaret's, at \$2,500 a year; and Chaplain to the House of Commons, at \$3,000.

—Mr. George Willis Cooke of Dedham, Mass., has prepared 'A Guide-Book to the Poetical and Dramatic Writings of Robert Browning,' which will be published early in 1891, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in a volume uniform with their Riverside Edition of Browning's poems. In order to make the book as complete as possible, the author desires information concerning several of the poems contained in 'Asolando'; for instance,

'Rosny.' Is this the castle of that name in Brittany? Where did Browning find the incident of which he makes use in this poem, and how is the story told in its original form? 'The Cardinal and the Dog.' What was the origin of this incident, and who was the cardinal? 'The Pope and the Net.' Who was the Pope, and where did Browning find the story? I should like to have the story in its original form. 'Ponte dell' Angelo, Venice.' Where is this bridge, where did Browning find the story, what is its original form, and who was Father Boverio? 'Rephan.' Who was 'Jane Taylor, of Norwich,' and where can there be found some account of her?

—Cardinal Manning has written for Chambers's Encyclopedia the article on the Immaculate Conception, Archdeacon Farrar the one on Christ, and Prof. Huxley the one on himself. London *Truth* says that 'if deep appreciation of the subject counts for anything, it will be safe to reckon on Prof. Huxley's contribution as being the most successful of this series.'

—After disposing of 100,000 copies of the October *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Stead has found it necessary to print 10,000 more.

—Frau Charlotte Embden, sister of the poet Heine, celebrated her ninetieth birthday in Hamburg last month. Her health is still excellent. Among hundreds of telegrams sent to her were greetings from the Empress of Austria, the Queen of Roumania, and Dom Pedro.

—Lord Tennyson expects to make a sea voyage with his son Hallam this winter, and may visit the Mediterranean. His health of late has been excellent, and he has taken almost daily walks.

—In the library of the late Lewis R. Ashurst of Philadelphia, to be sold on Nov. 10-12 by Thomas & Sons of that city, is a copy of Barker's Bible (1583) containing the autograph of Archbishop Laud, Warren Hastings's copy of Pine's Horace, a number of first editions of Thackeray, Bewick's 'Fables,' and the Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels (Edinburgh, 1842).

—On page 228 of *The Critic*, writes N. H. D. of Boston, referring to a Note in our issue of Nov. 1, 'occurs an odd German spelling of a Russian proper name: "Platschschjeu." How would any English tongue get round that conglomerate combination of consonants? The simplest spelling of the poet's name—which has only half as many letters in Russian, the *Ischsch* being represented by one character—is Pleshcheyef (pronounced as it is written, *Plesh-chay-ef*).

—Illustrated books, portraits, scenery and travels are the departments in which the library of Mr. William H. Post, to be sold by Bangs & Co. on Nov. 11-14, is specially rich.

—*The Athenaeum* announces that Mr. Lowell hopes to revisit England next year; and that Mr. Gladstone has completed the revision and enlargement of his articles on 'The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture.' The book will be published this month by Messrs. Isbister.

—'The Antiquities of the State of Ohio,' by Henry A. Shepherd, has just left the press of Robert Clarke & Co.

—H. S. of New Orleans suggests that we were guilty of a serious oversight, a few weeks since, in omitting from our tentative list of 'Immortelles' the name of her fellow-townswoman, Mrs. M. E. M. Davis. 'As a poet, she stands alone among Southern writers. In her sketches of Texas life and character, she is inimitable. As a writer of children's stories, few surpass her in the delight she gives to the little ones.' It is quite evident that we are chargeable with a grievous lapse.

—There are to be many interesting letters in Mr. William Sharp's biography of Joseph Severn, the friend of Keats. They cover the period of Severn's life in Rome, where, for sixty years, he was brought into relations with every eminent English and American visitor. Mr. Sharp will spend the winter in Rome.

—W. M. G. writes from Cambridge, Mass.:—'Your (quoted) article about Graham R. Tomson implies that this is not *her* name, but her husband's. Her name, as she wrote me, is Graham Rosamond (Ball) Tomson. If her husband has Graham in his name, it must be a coincidence. Have you any authority for writing Sarah Channing Woolsey?' Sarah Coolidge Woolsey is the lady's name.

## The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

### ANSWERS

1575.—2. In *The Atlantic*, prior to 1877, I think, appeared the full text and music of 'Hunting the Hare,' in a sketch entitled 'Echoes from an Old Parsonage.'

NEWTON, CONN.

1575.—3. 'Katherine Ogie' can be found in 'The Book of Scottish Song,' edited by Alex. Whitelaw (Blackie & Son, Glasgow, 1853), and also in 'Celebrated Songs of Scotland,' edited by John Ross (Pagan & Son, New York, 1887). Ramsay, in 'The Tea Table Miscellany,' says the authorship of this song is unknown, but it can be traced back as far as the time of Charles II., before whom it was frequently sung by one John Abell of the Chapel Royal. Burns composed his 'Highland Mary' to the same tune. I can furnish inquirer with the words of the songs on request. 4. 'O why should old age so much wound us, O!' was written by the Rev. John Skinner, and the words can be found in the 'Celebrated Songs of Scotland,' referred to above.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

J. A. S.

1585.—1. 'He who died at Azan [not "Azam"] sends this,' etc., is a line of a poem by Sir Edwin Arnold, having for its title the first five words of the quotation, but I cannot say in what volume of the author's poems it can be found. I wish to repeat a question met elsewhere as to who it was that 'died at Azan?' The questioner suggested that Azan was probably 'a time not a place; Azan, or Adan, being the ordinary name of the Muezzin at prayer time.'

NEW YORK.

M. C. L.

[Others who have answered this question are G. M. J. of the Salem (Mass.) Public Library, who says that the words occur at the beginning of the poem 'After Death in Arabia' ('Light of Asia,' Roberts Bros., 1880, p. 239); S. C. D. of Englewood, N. J.; M. R. A. of Salem, N. Y.; A. D. A. of New York, C. A. N. of the Howard Library, New Orleans, La., and G. E. W. of the Newberry Library, Chicago.]

## Publications Received

[RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Abbé, C. S. Our Great Actors. \$5.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Abbott, C. C. Outings at Odd Times. ....	D. Appleton & Co.
Adams, O. F. (Editor). The Poet's Year. \$6.....	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Arnold, M. Poetical Works. \$1.75.....	Macmillan & Co.
Beddoes, T. L. Poetical Works. Edited by E. Gosse. \$4.....	Macmillan & Co.
Bennett, M. E. Asoph's Ten Thousand. \$1.50.....	Boston: Congregational S. S. and Pub. Society.
Browne, M. Wanted—A King.....	Cassell & Co.
Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France. Ed. by F. G. Selby. \$1.....	Macmillan & Co.
Chatterbox for 1890-1891. \$1.25.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Colton, A. M. The Old Meeting-House. ....	Worthington Co.
Cox, P. Another Brownie Book.....	The Century Co.
Dickens, C. The Christmas Carol.....	Brentano's.
Drake, S. A. The Pine Tree Coast. \$3.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Eliot, G. Romola. 2 vols.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Elderton, W. A. Maps and Map Drawing. 35c.....	Macmillan & Co.
Fenn, G. M. Cutlass and Cudgel.....	Brentano's.
Francis, L. H. Through Thick and Thin. \$1.75.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Gaspé, P. A. The Canadians of Old. Tr. by C. G. D. Roberts. 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Gladden, W. Santa Claus on a Lark.....	The Century Co.
Harte, B. A Ward of the Golden Gate. \$1.25.....	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hervieu, P. Flirt. Tr. by H. Craig.....	Worthington Co.
Jastrow, J. The Time Relations of Mental Phenomena.....	N. D. C. Hodges.
Lecky, W. E. H. History of England. Vol. VIII. \$2.75.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Meneraue, W. T. Vesper Bells and Other Poems.....	Privately Printed.
Moxesworth, R. The Children of the Castle. \$1.25.....	Macmillan & Co.
Mouteney-Jephson, A. J. Emin Pasha and the Rebellion at the Equator. \$3.75.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Musick, T. H. The Genesis of Nature.....	John B. Alden.
Perry, N. After the Ball, and Other Poems. \$1.25.....	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Reed, E. Brief for Plaintiff: Bacon vs. Shakespeare.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Reinick, C. Night Song. \$7.50.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Shepherd, H. A. The Antiquities of the State of Ohio. \$2.....	Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.
Sherman, F. D. Lyrics for a Lute. \$1.....	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Walker, L. M. Dreams of the Sea. \$2.50.....	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.



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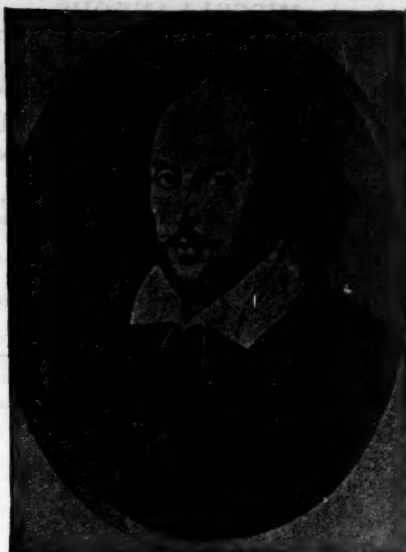
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